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# THE ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK



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# THE ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK

A COLLECTION OF SONGS ARRANGED  
ESPECIALLY FOR SCHOOLS

EDITED BY  
**FRANK R. RIX**  
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
OF NEW YORK CITY



NEW YORK  
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY

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BOOKS BY  
DR. FRANK R. RIX  
DIRECTOR OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY

THE HIGH SCHOOL ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK

THE ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK

THE JUNIOR ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK

VOICE TRAINING FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY  
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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# PREFACE.

IT HAS been said, very truly, that every child, at the end of the school course, should be able to sing from fifty to one hundred of the songs which are the special heritage of the English speaking race.

Although no two persons might exactly agree as to the best songs for children to know, it is certain that a large proportion of the selections in this book would be the choice of a considerable majority.

*The songs that children ought to know* are, therefore, to be found in the following pages. These are so arranged that they are adapted to all the requirements of the school assembly. They may be sung either:

As *Unison Songs*, in which the melody is sung by all voices;

As *Two-Part Songs*, for Soprano and Alto;

As *Three-Part Songs*, for Soprano, Alto and Bass;

As *Four-Part Songs*, for Soprano, Alto, Bass and Tenor.

The four-voiced arrangement makes a complete piano accompaniment. Thus all the conditions are met that are found in schools, whether elementary or high.

The book will be especially useful to give material for boys with recently changed voices, and will be equally useful for girls' choruses, the bass being optional.

The *singing in assembly* is a very important element of school life, and great care should be taken to make it so beautiful, so sincere, and so artistically expressive that it will be a lasting influence for good upon the character of the children.

The songs should be carefully taught, so that the meaning of the words is clearly expressed with distinct articulation, correct pronunciation and proper phrasing. Above all, the singing should be from the heart, voicing the real and sincere feelings of the children.

Although good unison singing is better than poor part singing, the former is likely to be more carelessly done than the latter. Part singing makes for thoughtful and careful preparation, is capable of much artistic finish, and creates great interest among the pupils.

It should be the endeavor of the director of the assembly to have a considerable number of songs sung in parts. To this end the children should be grouped according to the part to be sung, and each pupil should sing from a book, in order to insure correct rendering of the words and music.

Great care should be taken with the quality of the voices. Harsh tones should not be tolerated. The voices should be used in the quality which comes from training downward the light tones of the upper voice. Altos should avoid the hard "chest tones" and should sing in a mellow, medium quality. It is well to precede the singing with a vocalize, giving care and attention to breathing also.

The accompaniments should be played clearly, with proper accents and phrasing, and with enough power to support the voices. Any tendency of the chorus to sing out of tune may be avoided or remedied by playing the melody an octave higher, by giving more power to the bass, or by introducing interludes between stanzas.

The *children should stand while singing*, and the work should be *carefully directed* by a teacher possessing musical temperament. If possible there should be both a director and a pianist.

Class teachers should feel responsible for the class which they control, and should see to it that all their pupils take part.

The *correct versions of the National songs*, both as to words and music, are to be found herein, which is an important feature, considering the number of faulty settings that are extant. The versions used in this book are those adopted in the Boston schools, and it is hoped that others will join the movement for uniformity.

The selections cover a wide field and include many part-songs for three voices.

The *art songs* of classic and romantic composers are quite fully represented.

FRANK R. RIX.

*New York, April, 1907.*



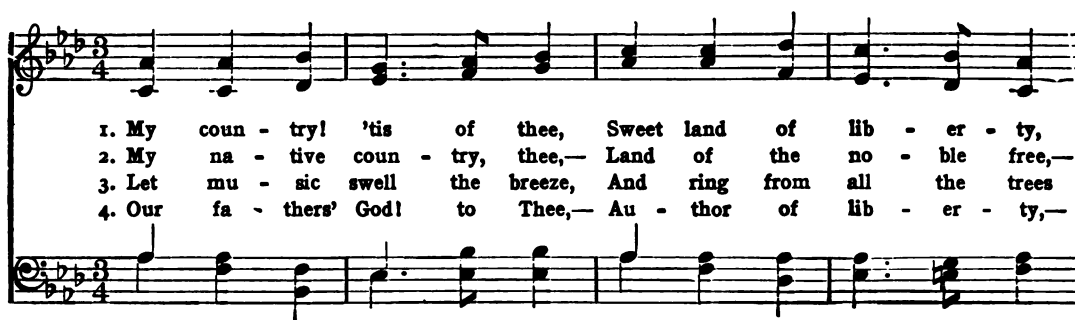
# THE ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK.

## AMERICA.

S. F. SMITH.

HENRY CAREY.


Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, — Land of the no - ble free, —  
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees  
 4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, — Au - thor of lib - er - ty, —



Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died!  
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake;  
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright



Land of the pil - grims' pride! From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!  
 Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.  
 Let all that breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro - long.  
 With free - dom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

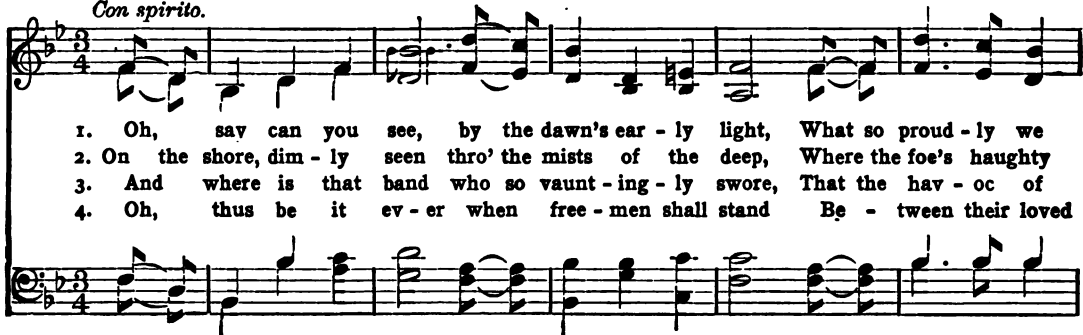
# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

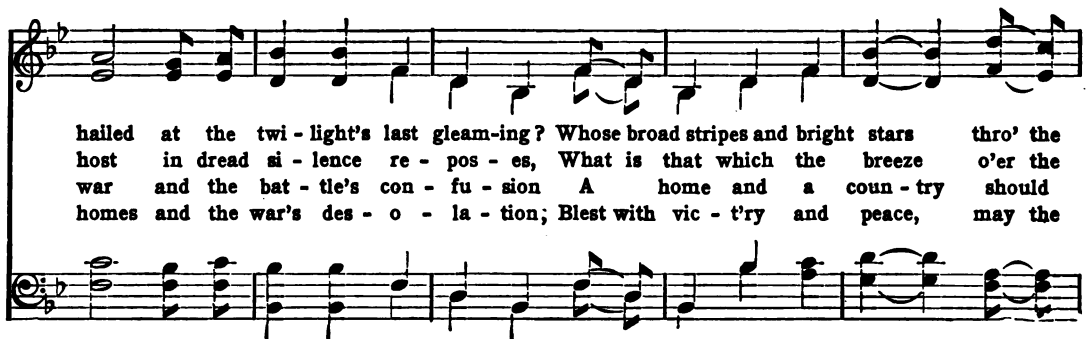
JOHN STAFFORD SMITH.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

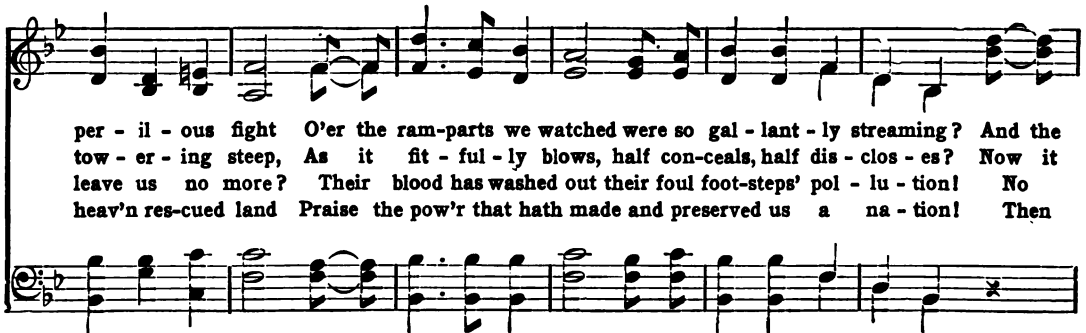
*Con spirito.*



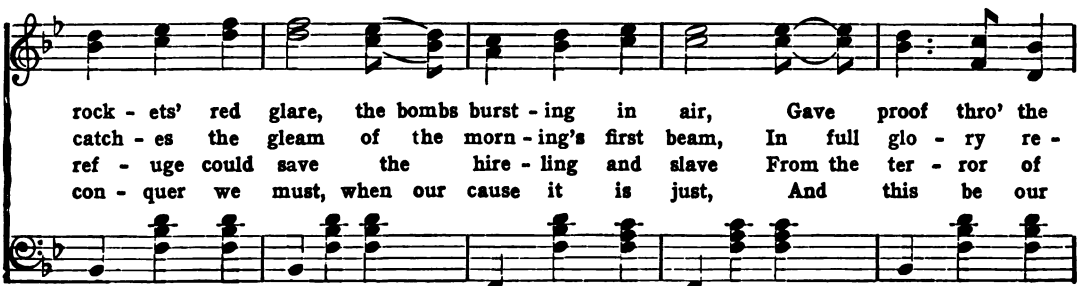
1. Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we  
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty  
 3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of  
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the  
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze o'er the  
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion A home and a coun - try should  
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



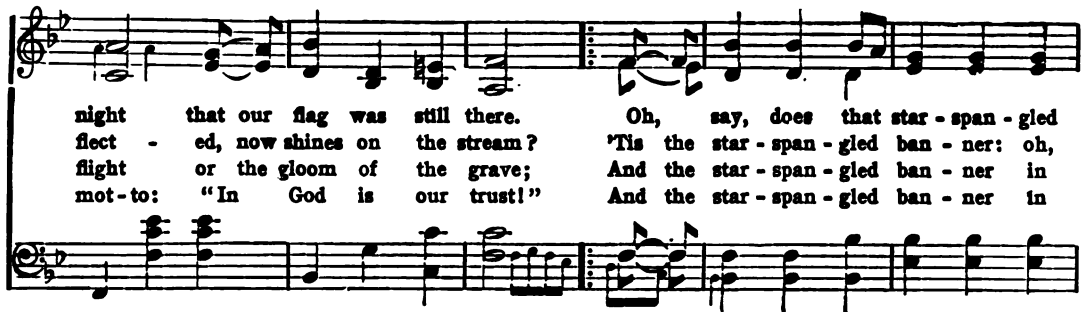
per - il - ous fight O'er the ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the  
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it  
 leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion! No  
 heav'n res - cued land Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion! Then



rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the  
 catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -  
 ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of  
 con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And this be our

# THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

7



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-span-gled  
flect-ed, now shines on the stream? 'Tis the star-span-gled ban-ner: oh,  
fight or the gloom of the grave; And the star-span-gled ban-ner in  
mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-span-gled ban-ner in



ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?  
long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!  
tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!  
tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

## GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

W. E. HICKSON.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Maestoso.*



1. { Now to heav'n our prayer as-cend-ing, God speed the right; } Be our zeal in  
{ In a no-ble cause con-tend-ing, God speed the right; }  
2. { Be that prayer a-gain re-peat-ed— God speed the right; } Like the good and  
{ Ne'er de-spair-ing, though de-feat-ed, God speed the right; }  
3. { Pa-tient, firm, and per-se-ver-ing; God speed the right; } Pains, nor toils, nor  
{ Ne'er th'e-vent nor dan-ger fear-ing; God speed the right. }



heav'n re-cord-ed, With success on earth re-ward-ed, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
great in sto-ry, If we fail, we fail with glo-ry, God speed the right, God speed the right.  
tri-als heeding, In the strength of heav'n succeeding, God speed the right, God speed the right.

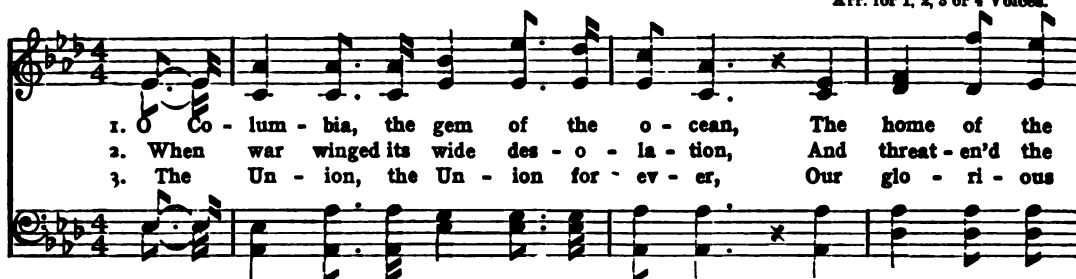


# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

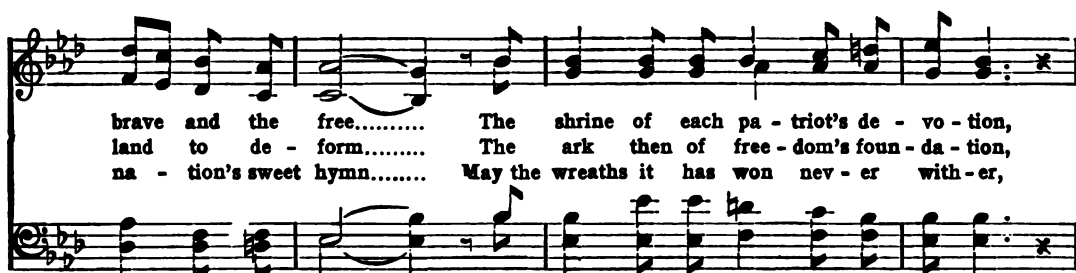
(THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.)

SHAW.

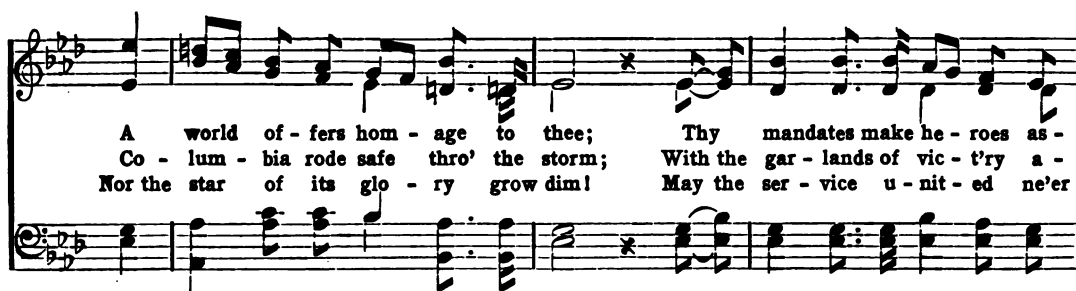
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



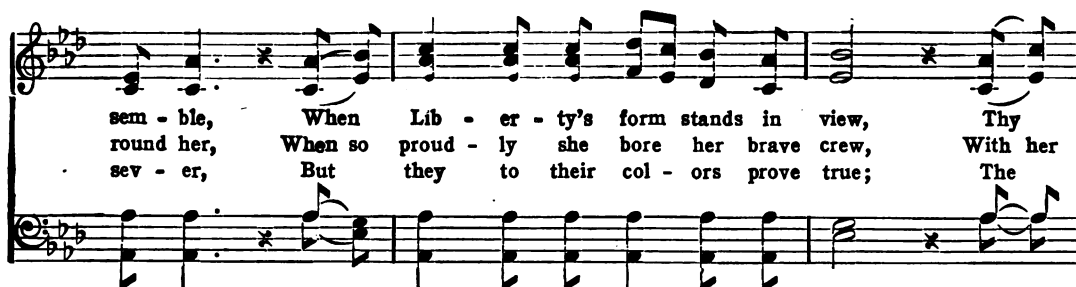
1. O Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the  
 2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And threat - en'd the  
 3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er, Our glo - ri - ous



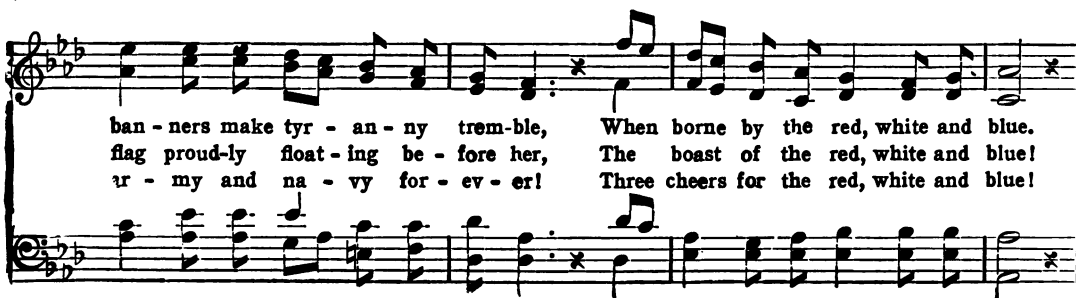
brave and the free..... The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,  
 land to de - form..... The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,  
 na - tion's sweet hymn..... May the wreaths it has won nev - er with - er,



A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy mandates make he - roes as -  
 Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm; With the gar - lands of vic - t'ry a -  
 Nor the star of its glo - ry grow dim! May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er



sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy  
 round her, When so proud - ly she bore her brave crew, With her  
 sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true; The



ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue!  
 ur - my and na - vy for - ev - er! Three cheers for the red, white and blue!

# COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

9

**Chorus.**



When borne by the red, white and blue,      When borne by the red, white and blue,  
 The boast of the red, white and blue,      The boast of the red, white and blue,  
 Three cheers for the red, white and blue,      Three cheers for the red, white and blue,

Thy ban-ners make ty-ran-ny trem-ble,      When borne by the red, white and blue.  
 With her flag float-ing proud-ly be-fore her,      The boast of the red, white and blue.  
 The ar-m-y and na-vy for-ev-er,      Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

# GOD EVER GLORIOUS.

S. F. SMITH.

"Russian Hymn." LWOFF.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. God ev-er glo-ri-ous! Sov-'reign of na-tions, Wav-ing the  
 2. Still may Thy bless-ing rest, Fa-ther most ho-ly, O-ver each

ban-ner of Peace o'er the land; Thine is the vic-to-ry,  
 moun-tain rock, riv-er and shore; Sing hal-le-lu-jah!

Thine the sal-va-tion, Strong to de-liv-er, Own we thy hand.  
 Shout in ho-san-nas! God keep our coun-try Free ev-er more.

# ANGEL OF PEACE.

O. W. HOLMES.

KELLAR'S AMERICAN HYMN.

\* Arranged for 3 Voices.



*f* 1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wan - dered too long! Spread thy white  
 2. Broth - ers we meet, on this al - tar of thine Ming - ling the  
 3. An - gels of hea - ven now an - swer the strain, Hark! a new

wings to the sun - shine of love; Come while our  
 gifts we have gath - ered for thee; Sweet with the  
 an - them is fill - ing the sky! Loud as the

voice - es are blend - ed in song, Fly to our  
 o - - dors of myr - tie and pine, Breeze of the  
 storm - wind that tum - bles the main, Bid the full

*Divisi.*  
 ark like the storm - beat - en dove! Fly to our ark on the  
 prai - rie and breath of the sea, Mead - ow and mount - ain and  
 breath of the org - gan re - ply Let the loud tem - pest of

wings of the dove. Speed o'er the far sound - ing bil - lows of  
 for - est and sea. Sweet is the fra - grance of myr - tie and  
 voice - es re - ply. Roll its long surge like the earth - shak - ing

song, Crowned with thine ol - ive - leaf gar - - land of  
 pine, Sweet - er the in - cense we of - - fer to the  
 main! Swell the vast song till it mounts to the

*Divisi.*  
 love, — An - gel of Peace, thou hast wait - ed too long!  
 thee, — Broth - ers once more, 'round this al - tar of thine!  
 sky! — An - gels of heav - en re - ech - o the strain!

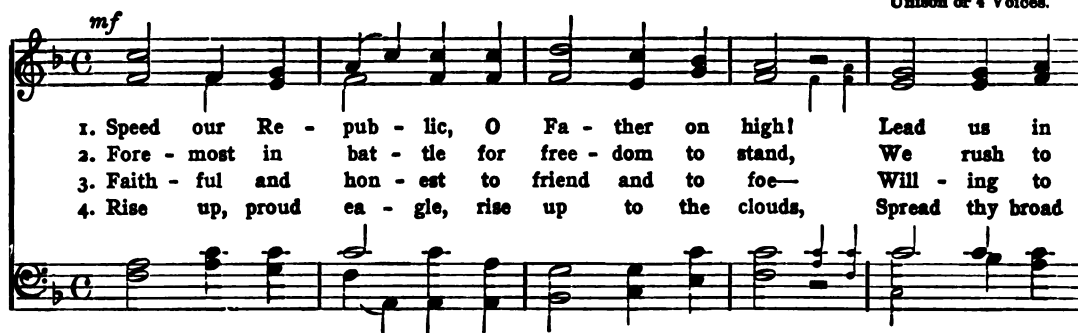
\* If accompaniment is desired, sing in Key of F, and play from page 11.

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# THE AMERICAN HYMN.

M. KELLER.  
Unison or 4 Voices.

*mf*



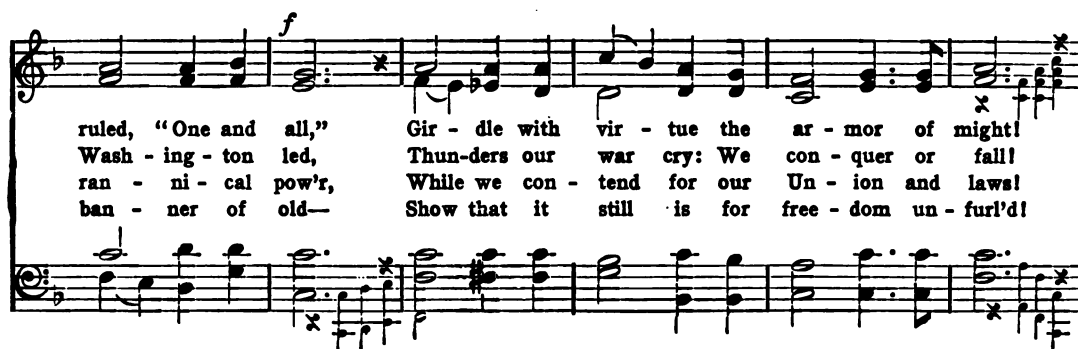
1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high!      Lead us in  
2. Fore - most in bat - tie for free - dom to stand,      We rush to  
3. Faith - ful and hon - est to friend and to foe—      Will - ing to  
4. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds,      Spread thy broad

*mf*



path - ways of jus - tice and right;      Rul - ers, as well as the  
arms when a - roused by its call;      Still as of yore, when George  
die in hu - man - i - ty's cause—      Thus we de - fy all ty -  
wings o'er this fair west - ern world;      Fling from thy beak our dear

*f*



ruled, "One and all,"      Gir - dle with vir - tue the ar - mor of might!  
Wash - ing - ton led,      Thun - ders our war cry: We con - quer or fall!  
ran - ni - cal pow'r,      While we con - tend for our Un - ion and laws!  
ban - ner of old—      Show that it still is for free - dom un - fur'l'd!

*ff*



Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
Hail! three times hail to onr coun - try and flag!  
Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

## THE AMERICAN HYMN.

*mf* *cres.* *f*

Rul - ers as well as the ruled, "One and all," Gir - die with vir - tue the  
 Still as of yore, when George Wash-ing-ton led, Thun-ders our war cry: we  
 Thus we de - fy all ty - ran - ni - cal pow'r, While we con - tend for our  
 Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old— Show that it still is for

*ff*

ar - mor of might! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 con - quer or fall! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 Un - ion and laws! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!  
 free - dom un - furled! Hail, three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

HOPKINSON.

"The President's March."

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*f Alla marcia.*

1. Hail, Co - lum - bial! hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes, heav'n-born band!  
 2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more! De - fend your rights, de - fend your shore;  
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame! Let — Wash - ing - ton's great name  
 4. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his couu - try stands,—

Who fought and bled in Free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause,  
 Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand,  
 Ring thro' the world with loud ap - plause! — Ring thro' the world with loud ap-plause!  
 The rock on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat.

# HAIL, COLUMBIA!

13

And when the storm of war was gone, En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let  
In - vade the shrine where sa - cred lies Of toil and blood the well-earned prize. While  
Let ev - 'ry clime to Free-dom dear — List - en with a joy - ful ear; With  
But armed in vir - tue firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you; When

in - de - pend - ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost;  
off - 'ring peace, sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust That  
e - qual skill and stead - y pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of  
hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scured Co - lum - bia's day; His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize, Let its al - tar reach the skies.  
truth and jus - tice shall pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of bond - age fail.  
hor - rid war, or guides with ease The hap - pier times of hon - est peace.  
stead - y mind from chang - es free, Re - solved on death or lib - er - ty.

**ff Chorus.**

Firm, u - ni - ted let us be, Ral - lying 'round our lib - er - ty!

As a band of broth - ers joined, Peace and safe - ty we shall find.

# EMMETT.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*mf* Words distinctly uttered. *Con amore.*

1. I wish I were in the land of cot-ton, Old times there are not for-got-ten, Look a-Dix-ie land where I was born— Ear-ly on a frost-y morn— Look a-2. There's buckwheat cake and In-dian bat-ter, Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter, Look a-hoe it down and scratch your gravel, To Dix-ie's land I'm bound to trav-el, Look a-

way, look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, Dix-ie land. 1. In land.  
look a-way, look a-way, look a-way, 2. Then

Then I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie land I'll  
Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!

take my stand To live and die in Dix-ie, A-way, a-way, a-  
a-way, a-way,

way down South in Dix-ie. A-way, a-way, a-way down South in Dix-ie.  
a-way, a-way, a-way,

# MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

J. R. RANDALL.

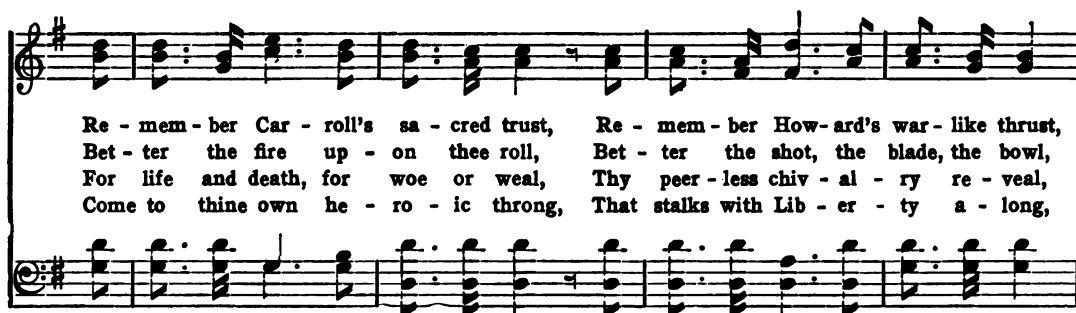
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



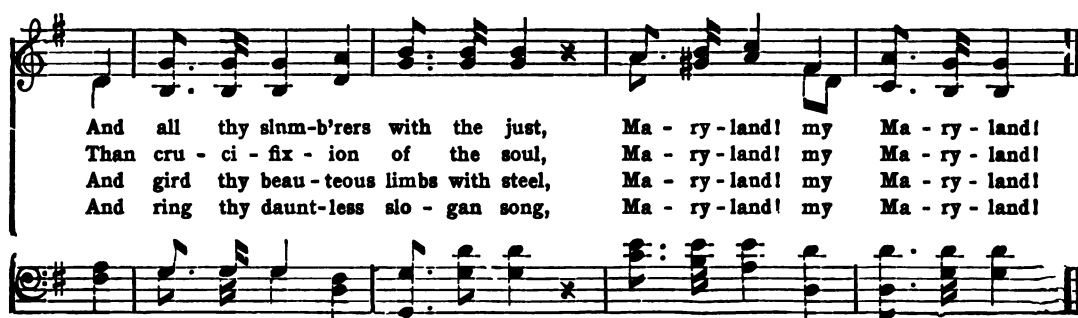
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the van - dal toll,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!



Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land.  
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 Tho' thou wast ev - er. brave - ly meek,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 The Old Line bu - gle, fife, and drum,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!



Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust,      Re - mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,  
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll,      Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
 For life and death, for woe or weal,      Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,  
 Come to thine own he - ro - ic throng,      That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,



And all thy slm-b'rers with the just,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!  
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song,      Ma - ry - land! my      Ma - ry - land!



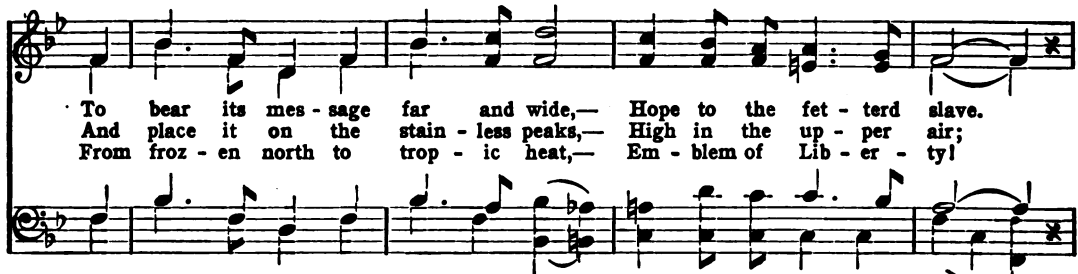
# UNFURL THE STARRY FLAG.

LOUIE R. HELLER.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

*Allegro maestoso.*


1. Un - furl the star - ry flag we love; O'er land and o - cean let it wave,  
 2. Fling out our ban - ner to the breeze! And let our sov - 'reign ea - gle bear  
 3. Lead on! lead on! o'er hill and plain, And o'er the blue fields of the sea,



To bear its mes - sage far and wide,— Hope to the fet - ter'd slave.  
 And place it on the stain - less peaks,— High in the up - per air;  
 From froz - en north to trop - ic heat,— Em - blem of Lib - er - ty!



Wher - e'er its am - ple folds are spread, A - shore or on the  
 That, look - ing from the vale be - low, The eyes of men may  
 While e - qual rights and e - qual laws, And truth and jus - tice



roll - ing sea, As blos - soms to the ge - nial sun..... The  
 ev - er see A - far up - on the moun - tain height..... A  
 bide with thee; Up - held of loy - al hearts and hands..... For -

(ACCOMP.)



hearts of men turn lov - ing - ly..... Flag of the brave and free!  
 bea - con of hu - man - i - ty..... Flag of the brave and free!  
 ev - er shall thy glo - ry be..... Flag of the brave and free!

*rit.* *ff*

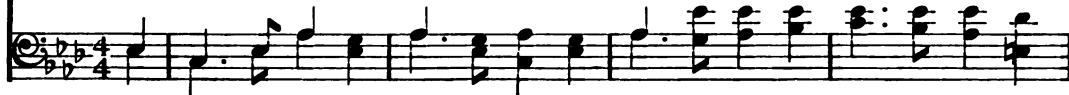
# THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

FRANK R. RIX.



1. What flow'r is this that greets the morn, Its hues from heav'n so fresh - ly born? With
2. In sav - age Na - ture's far a - bode Its ten - der seed our fa - thers sowed; The
3. Be - hold its stream-ing rays u - nite, One ming - ling flood of braid - ed light,— The
4. The blades of he - roes fence it 'round, Wher-e'er it springs is ho - ly ground; From
5. Thy sa - cred leaves, fair Free-dom's flow'r, Shall ev - er float on dome and tow'r, To



burn - ing star and flam - ing band      It kin - dles all the sun - set land:      O tell us  
storm-winds rocked its swell-ing bud,      Its op'ning leaves were streaked with blood, Till lol earth's  
red that fires the south-ern rose,      With spotless white from northern snows, And, span-gled  
tow'r and dome its glo-ries spread;      It waves where lone-ly sen-tries tread;      It makes the  
all their heav'n - ly col - ors true,      In black-'ning frost or crim-son dew,—      And God love



what its name may be,— Is this the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty? It is, it is the  
ty - rants shook to see The full-blown Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the  
o'er its az - ure, see The sis - ter Stars of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the  
land as o - cean free, And plants an em - pire on the sea! Then hail, then hail the  
us as we love thee, Thrice ho - ly Flow'r of Lib - er - ty! Then hail, then hail the



ban - ner, the ban-ner of the free,      The star - ry Flow'r, the Flow'r of Lib - er - ty.



# OLD GLORY.

WM. HENRY PADDOCK.

GEO. EDGAR OLIVER.

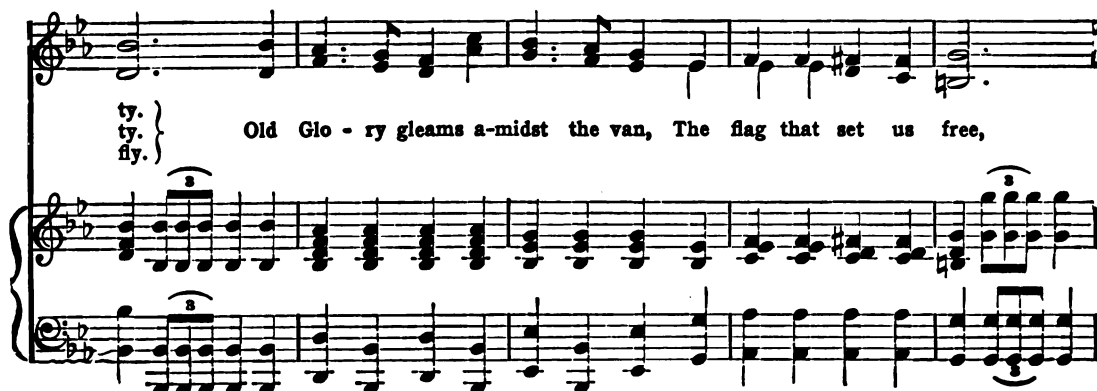
Arr. for 1 or 2 Voices.

*Marsiale.*

1. With the rat - tling roll of the drum, And the bu - gle's mel - o -  
 2. Then up with our ban - ner so bright, O'er the land and o'er the  
 3. Each snow - y star doth shine a - far, Light of the free - man's



dy, From town and vale and hill we come, To the ranks of lib - er -  
 sea, Its stripes of the red morn - ing light, And the em - blem of pur - i -  
 sky, A shield for all in peace and war, Who from their op - press - ors



ty.  
ty.  
fly.)

Old Glo - ry gleams a-midst the van, The flag that set us free,

Used by permission of GEO. EDGAR OLIVER.

# OLD GLORY.

19

Co - lum - bia's grand o - ri - flamme, Dear free-dom's vic - to - ry. We

The first system of the musical score for 'Old Glory'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Co - lum - bia's grand o - ri - flamme, Dear free-dom's vic - to - ry. We'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right hand with eighth-note chords and a left hand with a steady eighth-note bass line. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4.

come, we come, we come, we come, At the roll of the rat - tling drum,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with 'come, we come, we come, we come, At the roll of the rat - tling drum,'. The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note chords, marked with a forte 'ff' dynamic. The left hand continues with the eighth-note bass line. The system ends with a repeat sign.

Ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra, ta ran ta ra,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The system ends with a repeat sign.

To the ranks of lib - er - ty. We ty

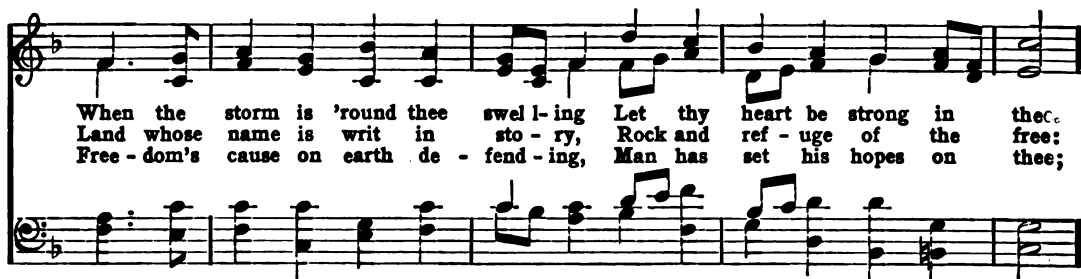
The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line has the lyrics 'To the ranks of lib - er - ty. We ty'. The piano accompaniment features a right hand with sixteenth-note chords and a left hand with eighth-note chords. The system concludes with a double bar line and a 'Coda' marking.

# ARK OF FREEDOM.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



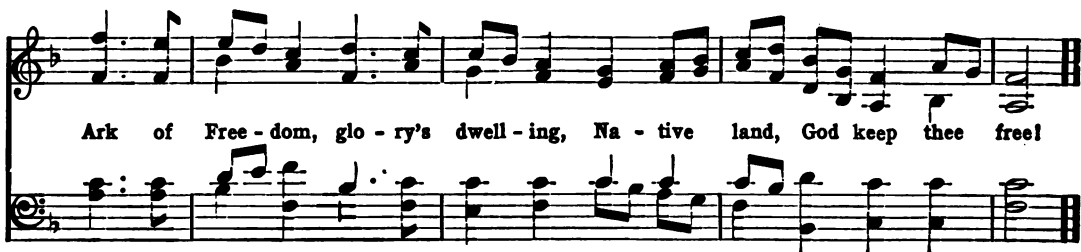
1. Ark of Free-dom, glo-ry's dwell-ing, Na-tive land, God keep thee free!  
2. Land of high he-ro-ic mo-tives, Land whose touch made slav-'ry flee;  
3. Vain-ly 'gainst thine arm con-tend-ing, Ty-rants know thy might and flee;



When the storm is 'round thee swell-ing Let thy heart be strong in thee.  
Land whose name is writ in sto-ry, Rock and ref-uge of the free;  
Free-dom's cause on earth de-fend-ing, Man has set his hopes on thee;



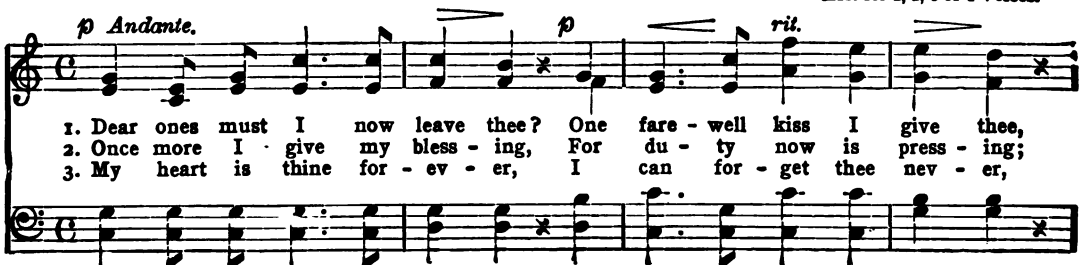
God is with thee, wrong re-pell-ing, He a-lone thy cham-pion be.  
Ours thy greatness, ours thy glo-ry, We will e'er be true to thee;  
Wide-ning glo-ry, peace un-end-ing,—Thy re-ward and por-tion be:



Ark of Free-dom, glo-ry's dwell-ing, Na-tive land, God keep thee free!

# THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

JOHANNA KINKEL.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



*p Andante.* *p* *rit.*  
1. Dear ones must I now leave thee? One fare-well kiss I give thee,  
2. Once more I give my bless-ing, For du-ty now is press-ing;  
3. My heart is thine for-ev-er, I can for-get thee nev-er,

# THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

21

*cres.* *f*

And then what-e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -  
 With ban - ners bright - ly glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -  
 But with my last faint sigh - ing, I'll mur - mur when I'm dy - ing. Fare -

*p tranquillo.* *f* *fz*

well, fare - well to thee, my love, Fare - well, fare - well, my dear - est love.

# FLAG OF THE FREE.

R. WAGNER.

Arr. for 1, 2 or 3 Voices.

1. Flag of the free, fair - est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the thun - der of war;  
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Cho - sen of God while His might we a - dore, In

*55* *FINE.*

Ban - ner so bright, with star - ry light, Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore.  
 Lib - er - ty's van for man - hood of man; Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass - ing o'er!

*D.S.—* While thro' the sky loud rings the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! One ev - er - more!

*D.S.*

Em - blem of Freedom, hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.  
 Pride of our coun - try, hon - ored a - far, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save.

# SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

"Faust." C. F. GOUNOD.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Spirito.*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may co - py their vir - tues bold,

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Yes, read - y to fight or read - y to die for

**FINE.**

Fa - ther - land. Who needs bid - ding to dare by a trum - pet blown?

Who lacks pi - ty to spare, when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe,

if a - lone or last? And boast he was true, as coward might do, when per - il is past?

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may cop - y their vir - tues bold.

# SOLDIERS' CHORUS.


23




Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, Read - y to fight for Fa - - ther -





land. Now..... home a - gain, we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle

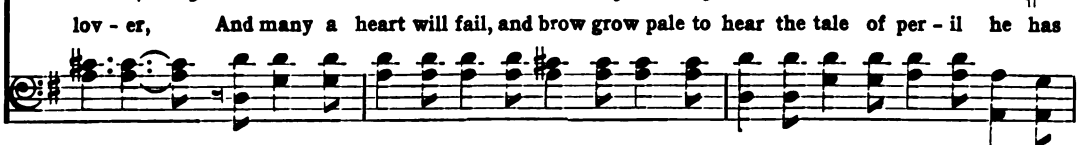
o - ver, Rest is pleas - ant af - ter toil, as hard as ours be - neath a stran - ger




sun. Ma - ny a maid - en fair is wait - ing here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier

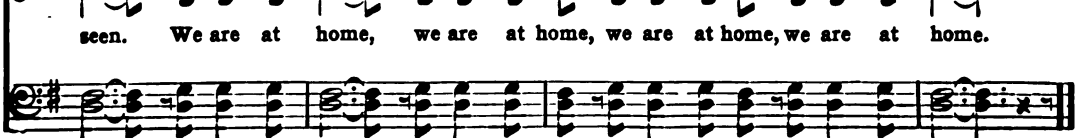
lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has



*D. C. al fine.*



seen. We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.





## ODE TO WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

O. W. HOLMES.

*Allegro.*

FRANK R. RIX.

Arr. for Unison or 4 Voices.

1. Wel - come to the day re - turn - ing, Dear - er still as a - ges flow,  
 2. Hear the tale of youth - ful glo - ry, While of Britain's res - cued band,  
 3. "By the name that you in - her - it, By the suf - frings you re - call,

While the torch of faith is burn - ing, Long as Free - dom's al - tars glow,  
 Friend and foe re - peat the sto - ry, Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
 Cher - ish the fra - ter - nal spir - it, Love your coun - try first of all!

*rall.* *a tempo.*  
 UNISON.

Long as Free - dom's al - tars glow. See the he - ro whom it gave us,  
 Spread his fame o'er sea and land. See the throne - less lead - er seat - ed,  
 Love your coun - try first of all! List - en not to i - die ques - tions,

PARTS.

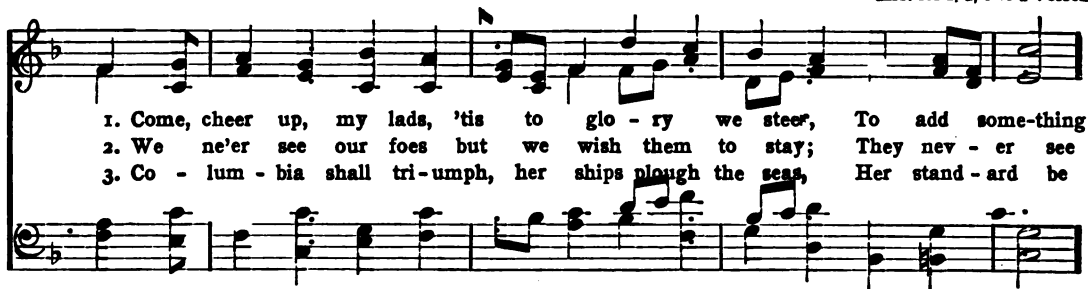
Slumb'ring on a moth - er's breast, For the arm he stretch'd to save us, Be its morn for -  
 Rul - er by a peo - ple's choice; See the Patriot's task com - plet - ed, Hear the Fa - ther's  
 If its bands may be un - tied, Doubt the pa - triot whose sug - gest - ions Strive a na - tion

*più rall.* *a tempo.*

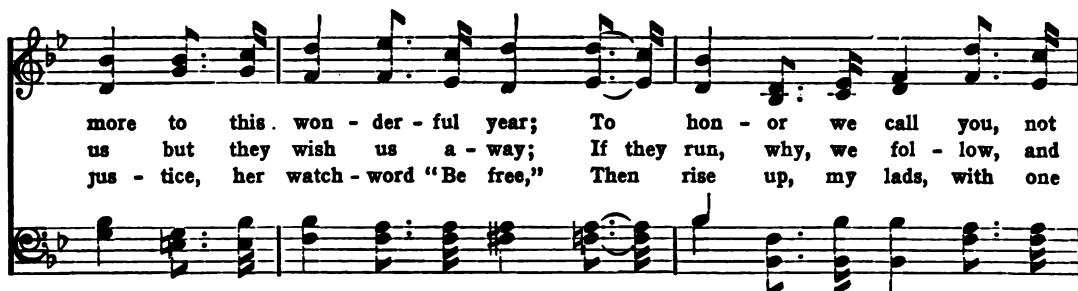
ev - er blest, For the arm he stretch'd to save us, Be its morn for - ev - er blest.  
 dy - ing voice, See the Pa - triot's task com - plet - ed; Hear the Fa - ther's dy - ing voice.  
 to di - vide! By the name that you in - her - it, Love your coun - try first of all."

## HEART OF OAK.

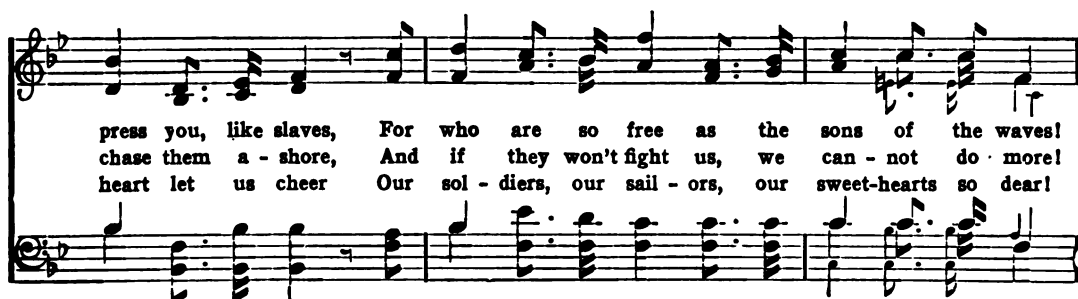
DAVID GARRICK.

WM. BOYCE.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices


1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glo - ry we steer, To add some-thing  
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay; They nev - er see  
3. Co - lum - bia shall tri-umph, her ships plough the seas, Her stand - ard be



more to this won - der - ful year; To hon - or we call you, not  
us but they wish us a - way; If they run, why, we fol - low, and  
jus - tice, her watch - word "Be free," Then rise up, my lads, with one

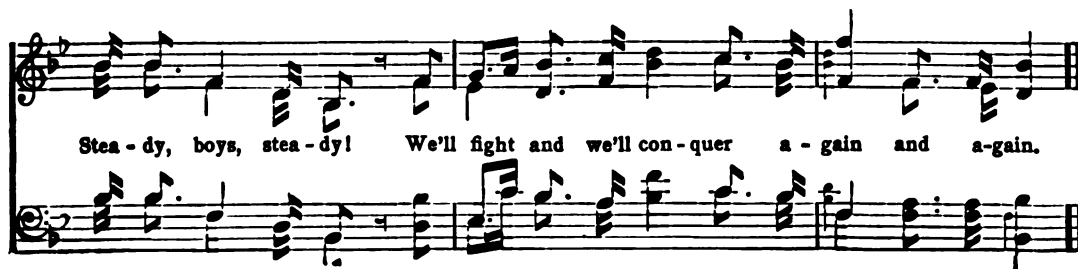


press you, like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves!  
chase them a - shore, And if they won't fight us, we can - not do more!  
heart let us cheer Our sol - diers, our sail - ors, our sweet-hearts so dear!

**Chorus. *f***



Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men, We al - ways are rea - dy;

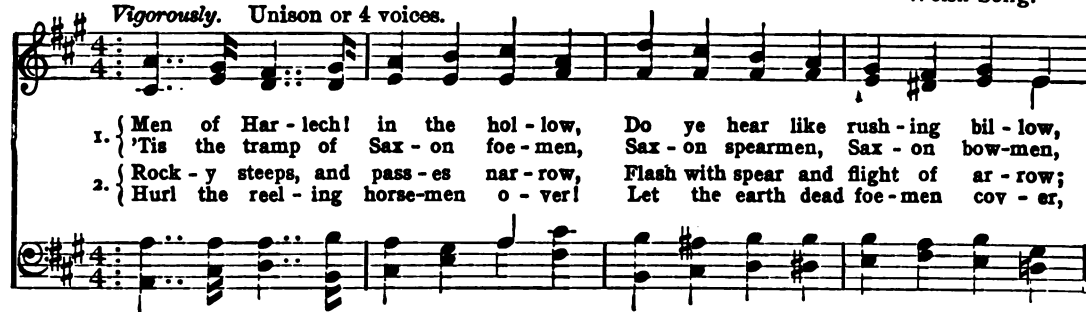


Stea - dy, boys, stea - dy! We'll fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

## MEN OF HARLECH.

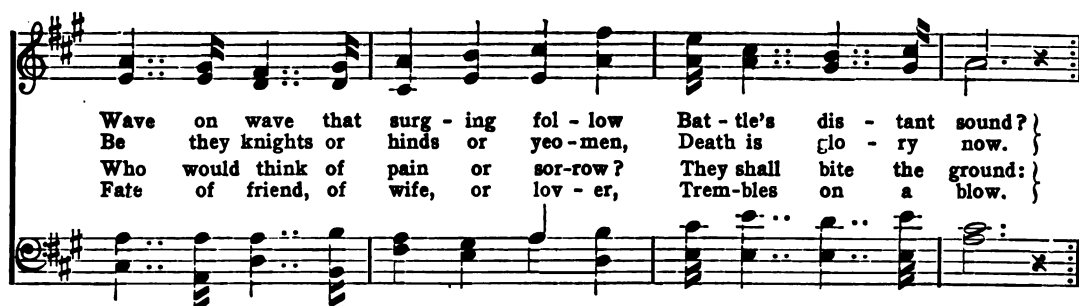
Welsh Song.

*Vigorously.* Unison or 4 voices.



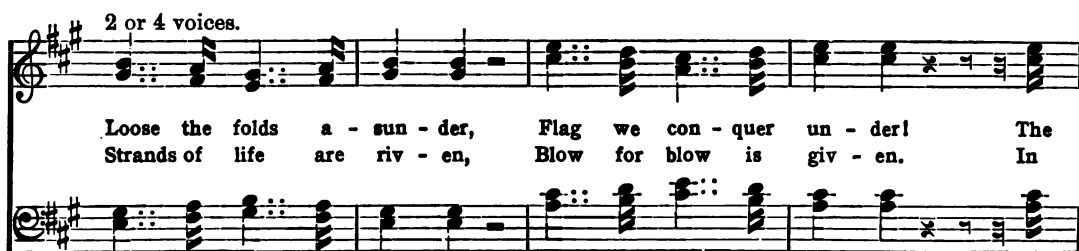
1. { Men of Har-lech! in the hol-low, Do ye hear like rush-ing bil-low,  
'Tis the tramp of Sax-on foe-men, Sax-on spearmen, Sax-on bow-men,

2. { Rock-y steep, and pass-es nar-row, Flash with spear and flight of ar-row;  
Hurl the reel-ing horse-men o-ver! Let the earth dead foe-men cov-er,

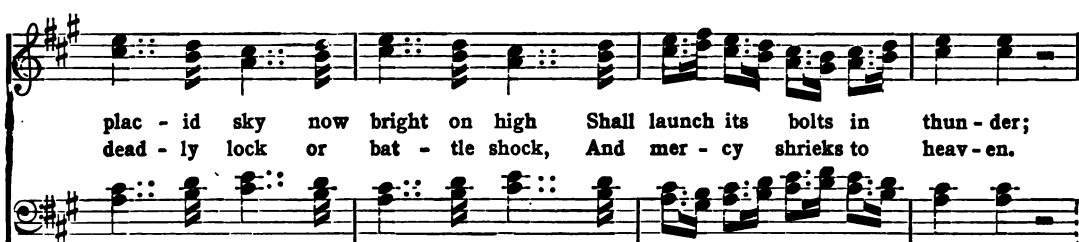


Wave on wave that surg-ing fol-low Bat-tle's dis-tant sound? }  
Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, Death is glo-ry now. }  
Who would think of pain or sor-row? They shall bite the ground: }  
Fate of friend, of wife, or lov-er, Trem-bles on a blow. }

2 or 4 voices.

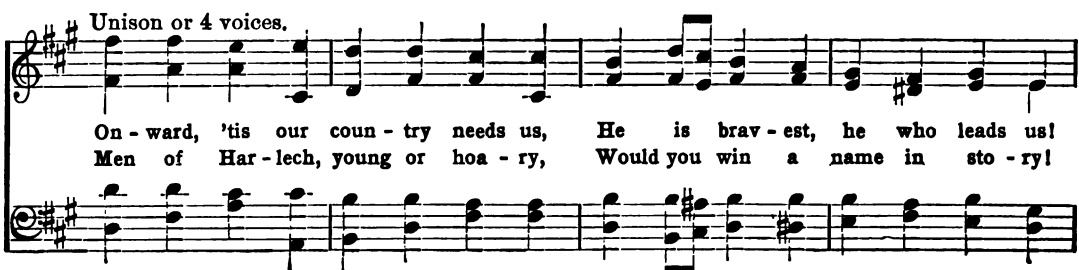


Loose the folds a-sun-der, Flag we con-quer un-der! The  
Strands of life are riv-en, Blow for blow is giv-en. In



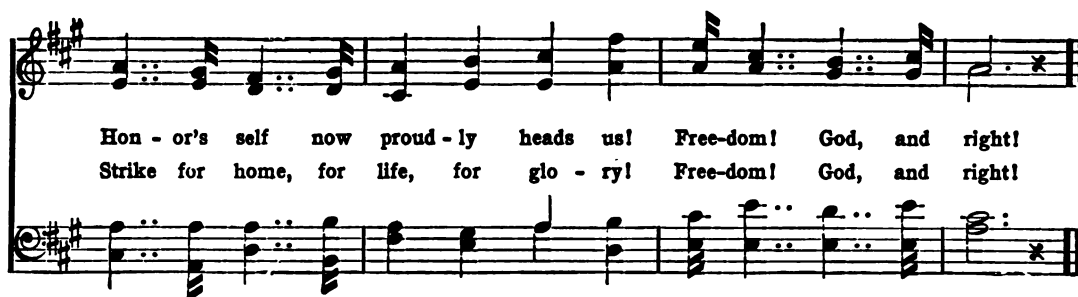
plac-id sky now bright on high Shall launch its bolts in thun-der;  
dead-ly lock or bat-tle shock, And mer-cy shrieks to heav-en.

Unison or 4 voices.



On-ward, 'tis our coun-try needs us, He is brav-est, he who leads us!  
Men of Har-lech, young or hoar-y, Would you win a name in sto-ry!

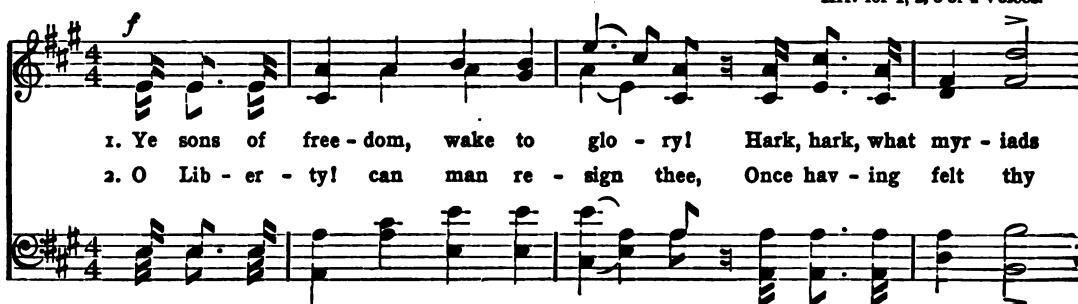
## MEN OF HARLECH.



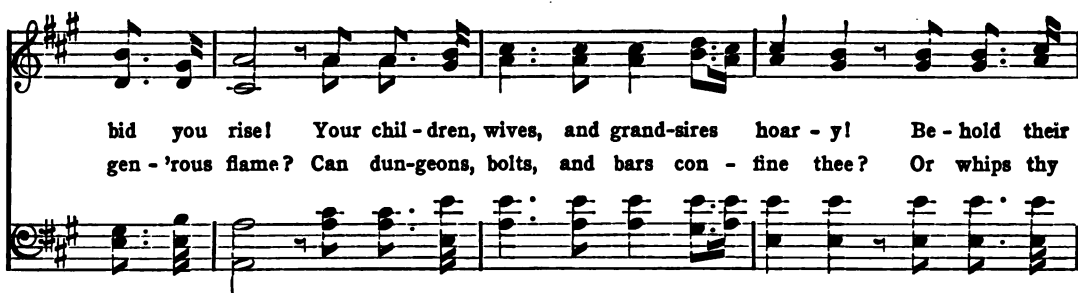
Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us! Free-dom! God, and right!  
Strike for home, for life, for glo - ry! Free-dom! God, and right!

## THE MARSEILLAISE.

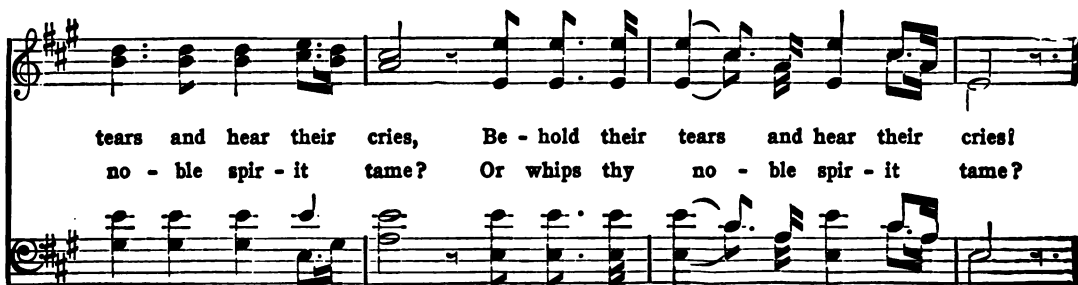
ROUGET DE LISLE.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. Ye sons of free - dom, wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark, what myr - iads  
2. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy



bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives, and grand-sires hoar - y! Be - hold their  
gen - 'rous flame? Can dun-geons, bolts, and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy



tears and hear their cries, Be - hold their tears and hear their cries!  
no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame?

## THE MARSEILLAISE.

Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chiefs breed - ing, With hire - ling  
Too long the world has wept, be - wail - ing, That false - hood's

hosts, a ruf - fain band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land,  
dag - ger ty - rants wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield,

While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed - ing! To arms, to arms, ye  
And all their arts are un - a - vail - ing! To arms, to arms, ye

brave! The he - ro's sword un - sheath! March on, march

on, all hearts re - solved On vic - to - ry or death.

# OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

(SWANEE RIVER.)

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Arr. for Duet and Chorus.

*mp* *p*

1. { Way down up - on the Swa - nee riv - er, Far, far a - way,  
 All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 2. { All round the lit - tle farm I wandered When I was young,  
 When I was play - ing with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
 3. { One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I love,  
 When shall I see the bees a - humming All round the comb?

There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks stay. }  
 Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home. }  
 Then man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y the songs I sung. }  
 Oh! take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die. }  
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove. }  
 When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming Down in my good old home? }

Chorus.

*p*

All the world is sad and drea - ry, Ev - 'ry - where I roam;

Oh! dar - kies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.

## ANNIE LAURIE.

Scotch Ballad.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew,  
 2. Her brow is like the snow-drift Her throat is like the swan;  
 3. Like dew on th' go - wan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet,

And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie, Gave me her prom - ise true,  
 Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on,  
 And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet,

Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,  
 That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e,  
 Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me,

And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
 And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.  
 And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

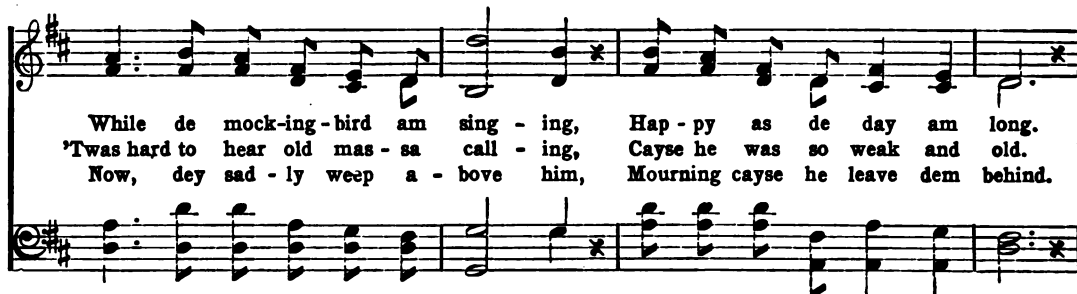
# MASSA'S IN THE COLD GROUND.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

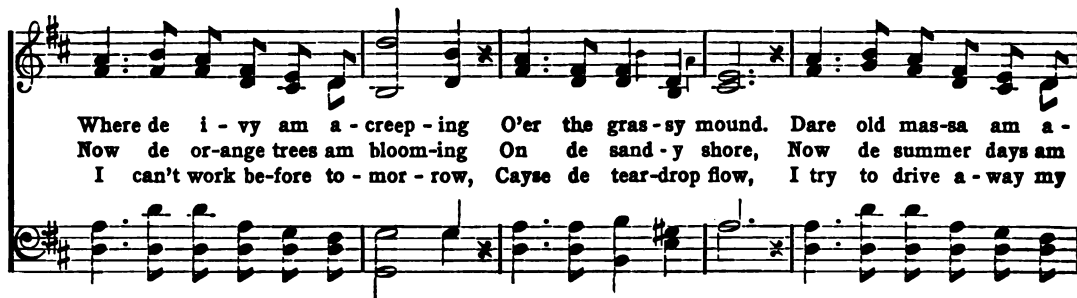
A-T. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing, De dark - ies' mournful song,  
 2. When de au-tumn leaves are fall - ing, — When de days are cold,  
 3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind,

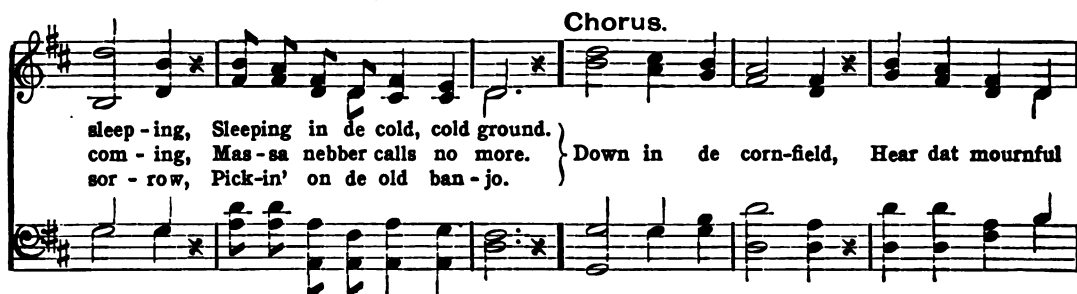


While de mock-ing-bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.  
 'Twas hard to hear old mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.  
 Now, dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem behind.




Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing O'er the gras - sy mound. Dare old mas - sa am a -  
 Now de or - ange trees am bloom - ing On de sand - y shore, Now de summer days am  
 I can't work be - fore to - mor - row, Cayse de tear-drop flow, I try to drive a - way my

Chorus.



sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.  
 com - ing, Mas - sa nebbber calls no more. } Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful  
 sor - row, Pick-in' on de old ban - jo.



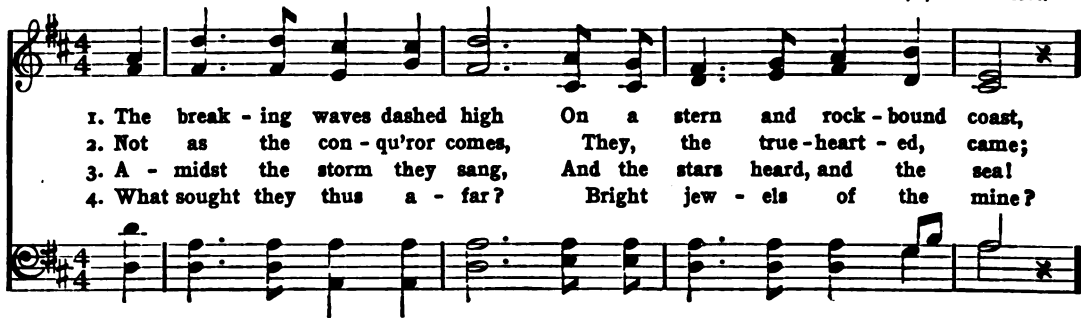
sound: All de dar - kies am a weep - ing, Mas - sa's in de cold, cold ground.



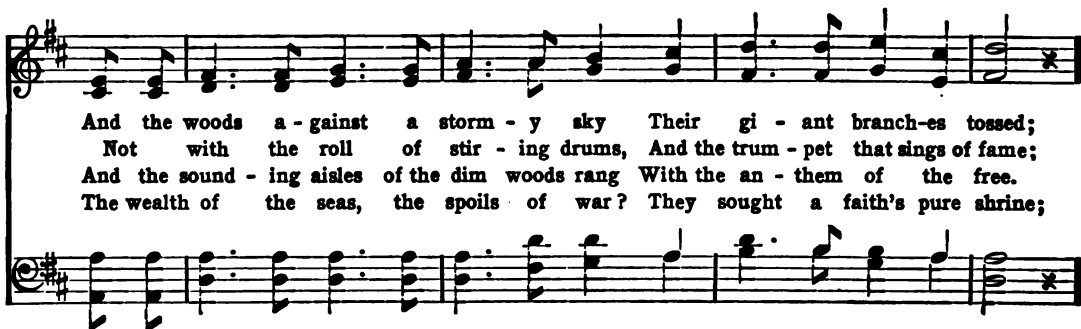
# THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH.

Mrs. HEMANS.

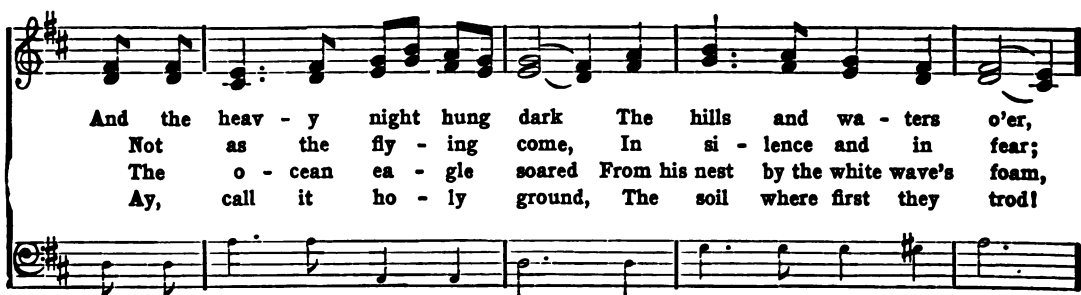
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



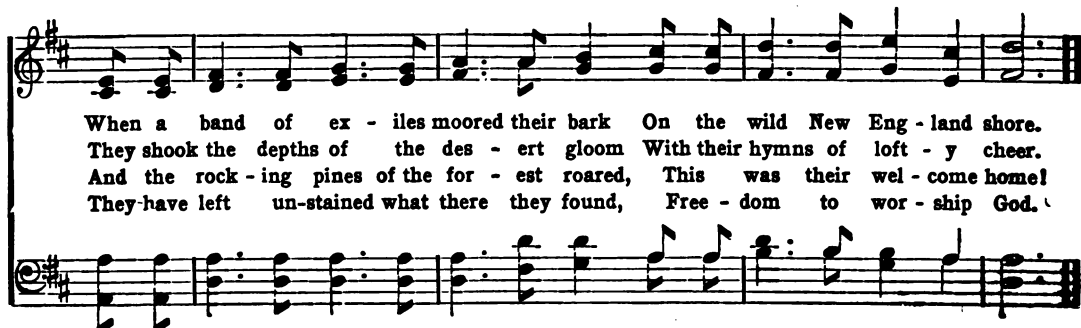
1. The break - ing waves dashed high      On a stern and rock - bound coast,  
 2. Not as the con - qu'ror comes,      They, the true - heart - ed, came;  
 3. A - midst the storm they sang,      And the stars heard, and the sea!  
 4. What sought they thus a - far?      Bright jew - els of the mine?



And the woods a - gainst a storm - y sky      Their gi - ant branch-es tossed;  
 Not with the roll of stir - ing drums,      And the trum - pet that sings of fame;  
 And the sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang      With the an - them of the free.  
 The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war?      They sought a faith's pure shrine;



And the heav - y night hung dark      The hills and wa - ters o'er,  
 Not as the fly - ing come,      In si - lence and in fear;  
 The o - cean ea - gle soared      From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
 Ay, call it ho - ly ground,      The soil where first they trod!



When a band of ex - iles moored their bark      On the wild New Eng - land shore.  
 They shook the depths of the des - ert gloom      With their hymns of loft - y cheer.  
 And the rock - ing pines of the for - est roared,      This was their wel - come home!  
 They have left un - stained what there they found,      Free - dom to wor - ship God.

## HOME, SWEET HOME.

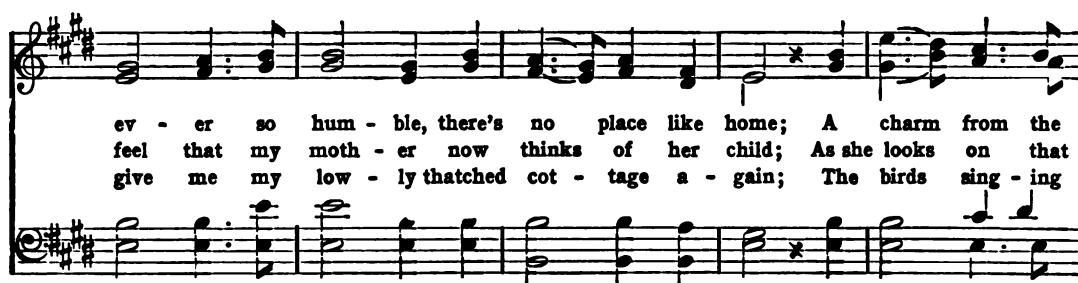
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

BISHOP.

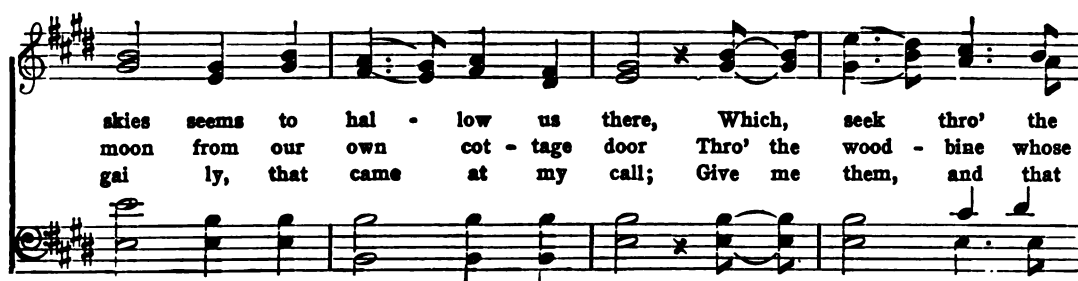
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



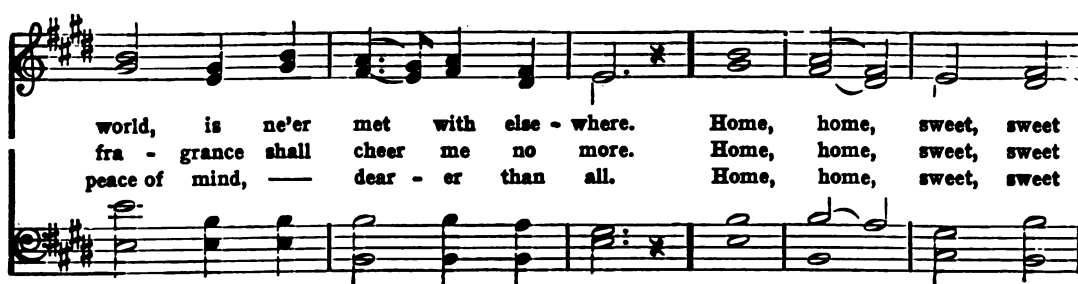
1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam, Be it  
 2. I gaze on the moon — as I tread the drear wild, And  
 3. An ex - ile from home, — splen - dor daz - zles in vain; Oh!



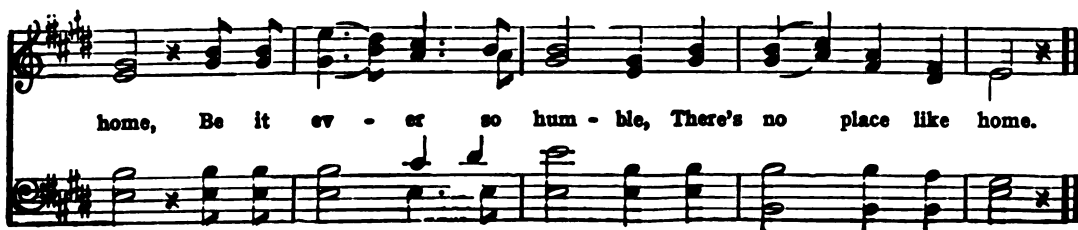
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the  
 feel that my moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that  
 give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing



skies seems to hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the  
 moon from our own cot - tage door Thro' the wood - bine whose  
 gai ly, that came at my call; Give me them, and that



world, is ne'er met with else - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
 fra - grance shall cheer me no more. Home, home, sweet, sweet  
 peace of mind, — dear - er than all. Home, home, sweet, sweet



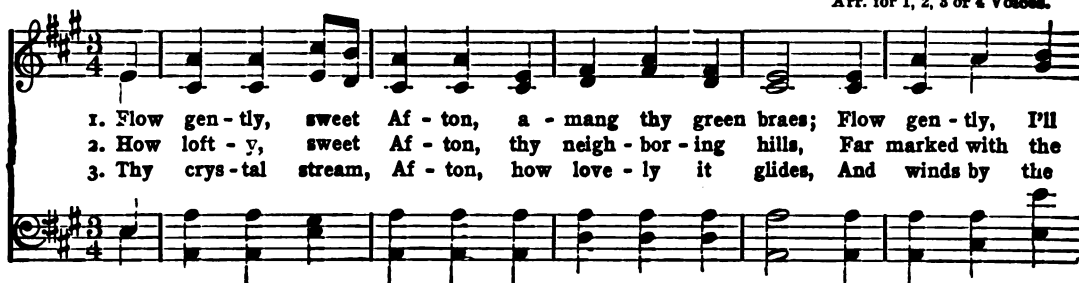
home, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

J. E. SPILMAN.

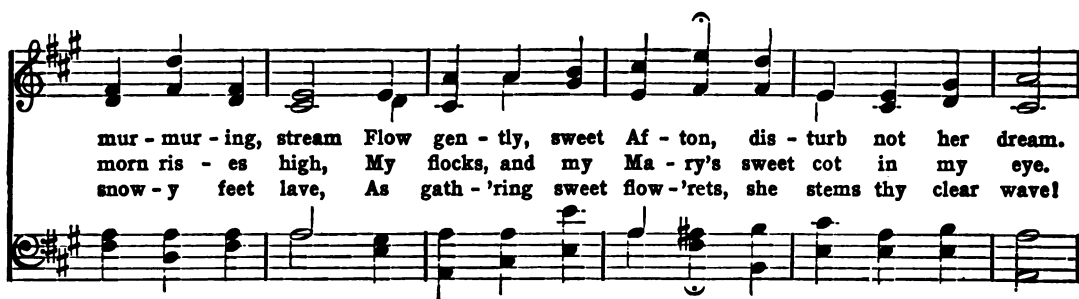
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



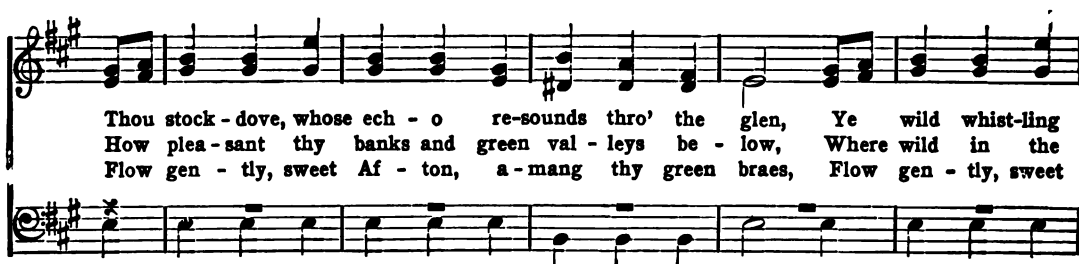
1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll  
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh - bor - ing hills, Far marked with the  
 3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the



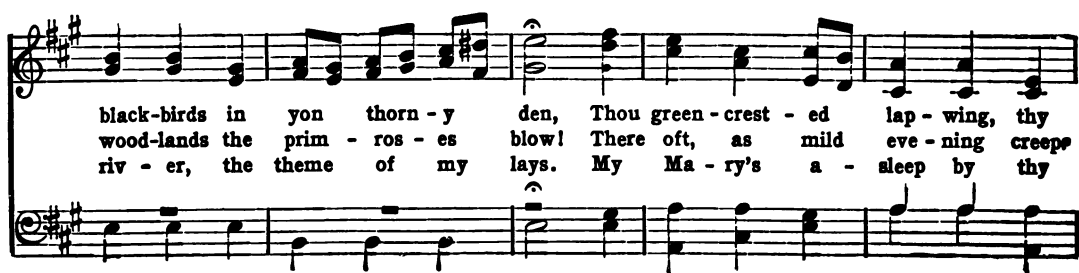
sing thee a song in thy praise; My Ma - ry's a - sleep by the  
 cours - es of clear wind - ing rills; There dai - ly I wan - der, as  
 cot where my Ma - ry re - sides! How wan - ton thy wa - ters her



mur - mur - ing, stream Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.  
 morn ris - es high, My flocks, and my Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye.  
 snow - y feet lave, As gath - 'ring sweet flow - 'rets, she stems thy clear wave!



Thou stock - dove, whose ech - o re-sounds thro' the glen, Ye wild whist-ling  
 How plea - sant thy banks and green val - leys be - low, Where wild in the  
 Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet



black-birds in yon thorn - y den, Thou green - crest - ed lap - wing, thy  
 wood-lands the prim - ros - es blow! There oft, as mild eve - ning creeps  
 riv - er, the theme of my lays. My Ma - ry's a - sleep by thy

# FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

25

screaming for - bear, I charge you, dis - turb not my slum - ber - ing fair.  
o - ver the lea, The sweet - scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.  
mur - mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream.

## SOFTLY SIGHS THE VOICE OF EVENING.

CARL M. F. VON WEBER  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning, Steal - ing  
2. Through the dark blue vault of e - ther, Si - lence

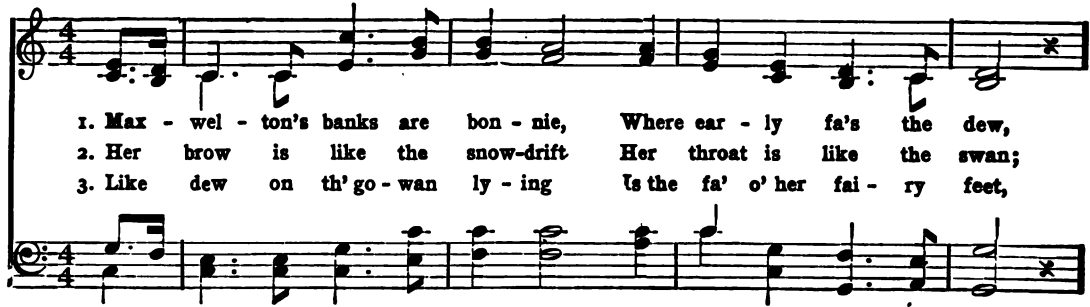
through yon wil - low grove: While the stars, like  
reigns with sooth - ing power; But a storm o'er

watch, their night - ly  
dark - ly brood - ing,  
guard - ian spir - its, Set.... their watch, their watch a - bove.  
yon - der moun - tain, Dark - ly seems, it seems to lower.

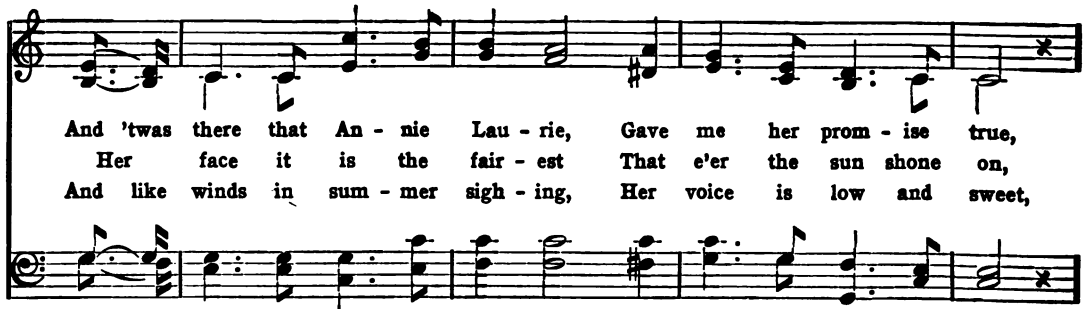
# ANNIE LAURIE.

Scotch Ballad.

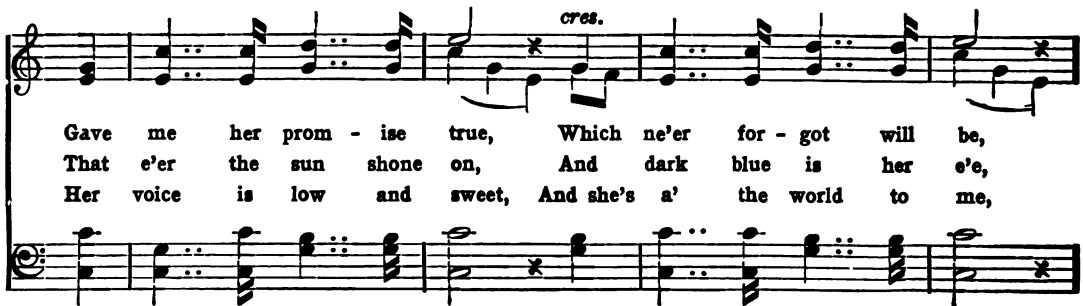
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. Max - wel - ton's banks are bon - nie,      Where ear - ly fa's the dew,  
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift      Her throat is like the swan;  
3. Like dew on th' go - wan ly - ing      Is the fa' o' her fai - ry feet,



And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie,      Gave me her prom - ise true,  
Her face it is the fair - est      That e'er the sun shone on,  
And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing,      Her voice is low and sweet,



Gave me her prom - ise true,      Which ne'er for - got will be,  
That e'er the sun shone on,      And dark blue is her e'e,  
Her voice is low and sweet,      And she's a' the world to me,



And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie,      I'd lay me down and dee.  
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie,      I'd lay me down and dee.  
And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie,      I'd lay me down and d e.

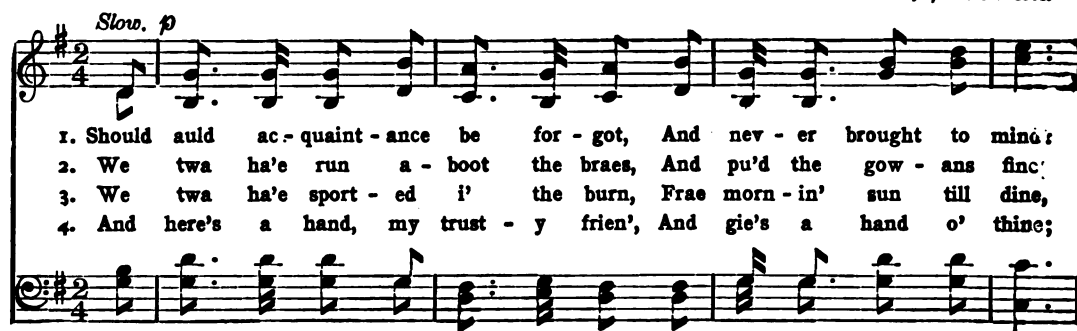
# AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

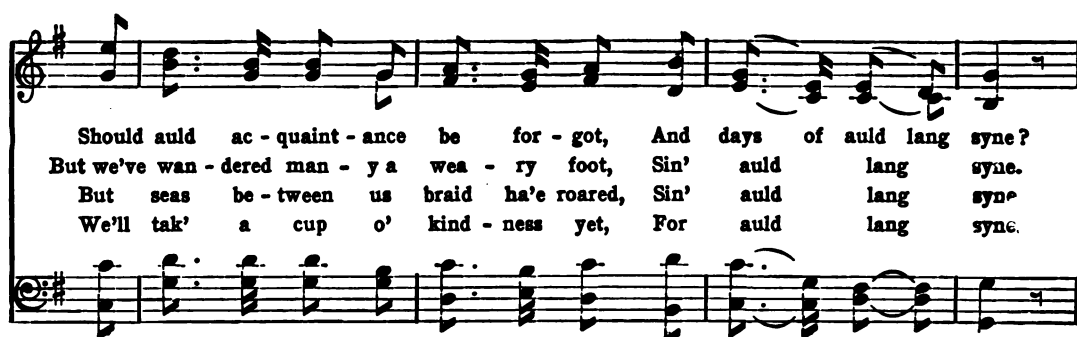
Scotcl.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Slow. p*



1. Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind;  
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow - ans fine;  
 3. We twa ha'e sport - ed i' the burn, Frae morn - in' sun till dine,  
 4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine;



Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?  
 But we've wan - dered man - y a wea - ry foot, Sin' auld lang syne.  
 But seas be - tween us braid ha'e roared, Sin' auld lang syne  
 We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

*Chorus. p*



For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne;

*Repeat chorus. ff*



We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

# THE MINSTREL BOY.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Moderato.*

1. The min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll find him;  
2. The min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un-der;

His fa-ther's sword he hath gird-ed on, And his wild harp slung be-hind him.  
The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he tore its chords a-sun-der, And

"Land of Song!" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-trays thee, One  
said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav-ry! Thy

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful harp shall praise thee."  
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev-er sound in sla-v'ry."

# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Air.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. There is not in this wide world a val-ley so sweet As the  
2. Sweet vale of A-vo-cal how calm could I rest In the

# THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

39

*mp*

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet. Oh, the last rays of  
bo - som of shade with the friends I love best; Where the storms which we

feel - ing and life must de - part Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
feel in this cold world would cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

*rit.* *a tempo.* *rall e dim.*

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.  
min - gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

# THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Mrs. JORDAN.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. Oh, where! and oh, where is your High-land lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the  
2. Oh, where! and oh, where! does your High-land lad - die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry  
3. What clothes, in what clothes is your High-land lad - die clad? His bon-net's Sax - on  
4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your High-land lad should die? The bagpipes should play

*cres.*

foe, for King George up - on the throne; And it's oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!  
Scot-land at the sign of the Blue Bell; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my lad-die well.  
green, and his waist-coat of the plaid; And it's oh! in my heart that I love my Highland lad.  
o-ver him, I'd lay me down and cry; And it's oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.



# THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Irish Air.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Slowly.*



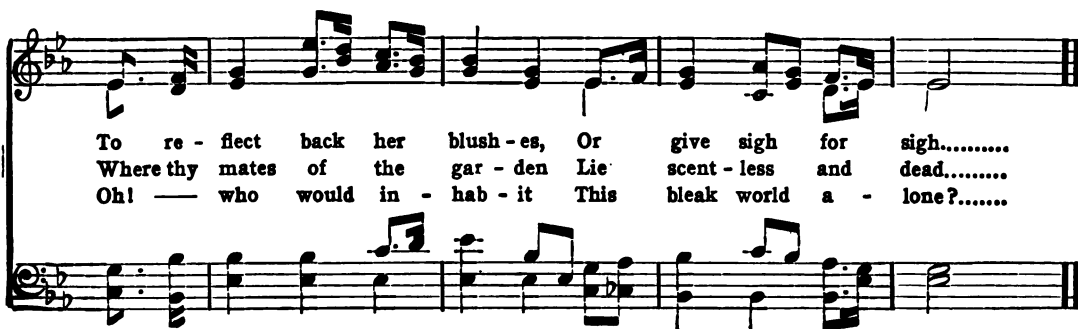
1. 'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone;  
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem;  
 3. So — soon may I fol - low, When friend-ships de - cay,



All her love - ly com - pan - ions, Are fad - ed and gone;  
 Since the love - ly are sleep - ing, Go sleep thou with them;  
 And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems drop a - way!



No flow'r of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is night,.....  
 Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed,.....  
 When true hearts lie with - er'd, And fond ones are floun,.....



To re - flect back her blush - es, Or give sigh for sigh,.....  
 Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead,.....  
 Oh! — who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone?.....

# THE RISING OF THE LARK.

*Con spirito.*

Welsh.

Unison or \*3 Voices,

*mf* *cres.* *f*

1. { Rise, rise, thou mer - ry lark, Whose up - ward flight I love to mark At  
 2. { Leave, leave the moss - y lair, With light wing cleave the yield - ing air, And  
 2. { Night's ling - 'ring shades are fled, And Phœ - bus, from his o - cean bed, Thro'  
 2. { Oh! let thy mu - sic sweet His pres - ence with glad wel - come greet In

ear - ly dawn of day. }  
 car - ol forth thy lay. } Sweet, oh! sweet the honeyed note That swells with - in thy  
 e - ther wings his flight. }  
 dit - ties of de - light. } High - er yet, yet high - er fly, Still soar - ing up - ward

*cres.*

war - bling throat! 'Tis a stream of mel - o - dy That steals the rap - tured  
 to the sky, As when in fair E - den's grove Un - to the new cre -

*mf* *cres.* *f*

soul a - way. De - light - ful har - bin - ger of day, My blessing go with thee!  
 a - ted pair You first did tune, to mu - sic rare, A mer - ry song of love.

\* Soprano, Alto and Bass, or by using small notes, two Sopranos and Alto.

# THE RED SARAFAN.

Russian.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

Cease thy sew - ing, moth - er dear, Leave my sa - ra - fan;.....

Toil no long - er, t'were in vain To short - en life's brief span.

**SOPRANO.**

1. Daugh - ter dear, come hith - er; Here be - side me lie.....  
 2. Maid - ens should be sing - ing, Blithe as lark in May,.....  
 3. In the years be - fore thee, Love and joy take flight;.....  
 4. Once I too was mer - ry, Joyed in dance and song;.....

Youth re - turn - eth nev - er, Use it ere it fly.....  
 Laugh ing, danc - ing, spring - ing, Ere youth fades a way.....  
 Cheeks will lose their soft - ness, Danc - ing eyes their light.....  
 Now my step is fee - ble, Limbs no long - er strong.....

*rit.* *D.C.*

# ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Welsh Air.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*mf* *Slowly.* *pp*

1. { While the moon her watch is keep - ing, } All through the night.  
 { While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing, }  
 2. { Still to thee my thoughts are turn - ing, } All through the night.  
 { And for thee my heart is yearn - ing, }

# ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

43

O'er my bo - som gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing,  
Though sad fate our lives may sev - er, Part - ing will not last for - ev - er,

*p a tempo.* *pp rit.*  
Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing, All through the night.  
There's a hope that leaves me nev - er, All through the night.

# SANTA LUCIA.

Italian.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. { Un - der the cres - cent moon Wavelets are glow - ing; Ov - er the calm la - goon,  
Still is the sum - mer night, Pure joys in - vite us, While stars are sparkling bright,  
2. { When o'er thy wa - ters free, Light winds are play - ing, Thy spell gives rest to me,  
Sweet 'tis to lie at rest, Sing - ing and dreaming, When waves are soothed to rest.

Soft airs are blow - ing, { Hark! from a dis - tant boat Ech - oes a joy - ous note }  
All to de - light us, { Home of fair po - e - try, Birth - place of har - mo - ny. }  
Dark care al - lay - ing, { Queen of the az - ure sea Art thou, sweet Na - po - li, }  
With moon - light gleam - ing. { What charms to thee are giv'n, Blest by a kind - ly heav'n. }

San - ta Lu - ci - a, San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!

# FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

L. DENZA, Arr.  
Arr. for 1 or 3 Voices.

1. Some think..... the world is made for fun and  
2. Ah, me!..... 'tis strange that some should take to

1. Some think.....  
2. Ah, me!.....

1. Some think  
2. Ah, me

frol - ic,..... And so do I,..... and so do I;.....  
sigh - ing,..... And like it well,..... and like it well;.....

for fun and frol - ic, And so do I, and so do I, and so do  
should take to sigh - ing, And like it well, and like it well, and like it

## FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

..... Some think,..... it well to be all mel - an - chol - ic,.....  
 ..... For me,..... I have not thought it worth the try - ing,.....

Some think.....  
 For me,.....

*p* *f* *mf*

I, and so do I; Some think it well to be all mel - an - chol - ic, To  
 well, and like it well; For me, I have not thought it worth the try - ing, So

..... To pine and sigh,..... to pine and sigh,..... But  
 ..... So can - not tell, ..... so can - not tell, ..... But

*pp* *f* *mf*

pine and sigh, To pine and sigh, to pine and sigh, to pine and sigh,  
 can - not tell, So can - not tell, so can - not tell, so can - not tell,

## FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

I,..... I love to spend my time in sing - ing..... some joyous song,.....  
But I, Some joyous  
But I,.....

..... some joyous song,..... To set..... the air with mu-sic bravely  
song, some joyous song,..... To set  
To set.....

Is far from wrong...  
ring - ing..... Is far from wrong,..... Is far from wrong.....  
Is far from wrong,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 2/4. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand, often with chords. The vocal line is written in a single staff with lyrics in English. The lyrics are: "I,..... I love to spend my time in sing - ing..... some joyous song,..... But I, Some joyous But I,.....", "..... some joyous song,..... To set..... the air with mu-sic bravely song, some joyous song,..... To set To set.....", and "Is far from wrong... ring - ing..... Is far from wrong,..... Is far from wrong..... Is far from wrong,". The score is divided into three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment.

# FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

47

Lis - ten, lis - ten, Ech - oes sound a - far,..... Lis - ten, Lis - ten, Ech-oes sound a - far.....

lis - ten, Echoes sound a - far, Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la, fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - li

la, Ech-oes sound a - far, Fu - ni - cu - li, fu - ni - cu - la! la!

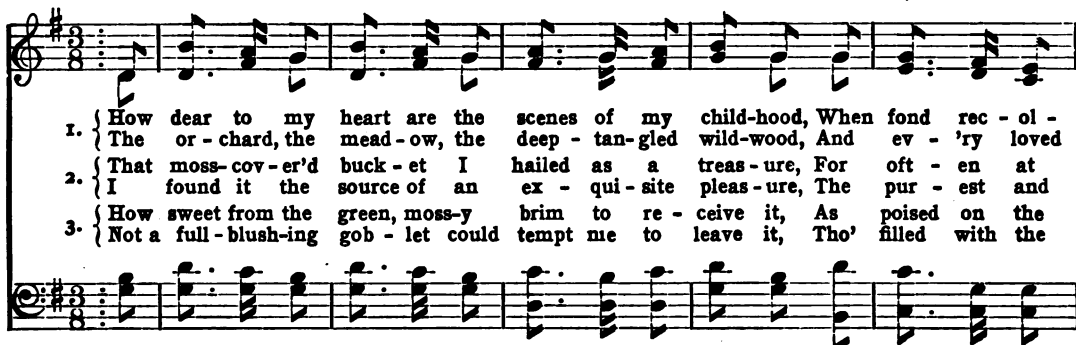


# THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

WOODWORTH.

"Araby's Daughter."

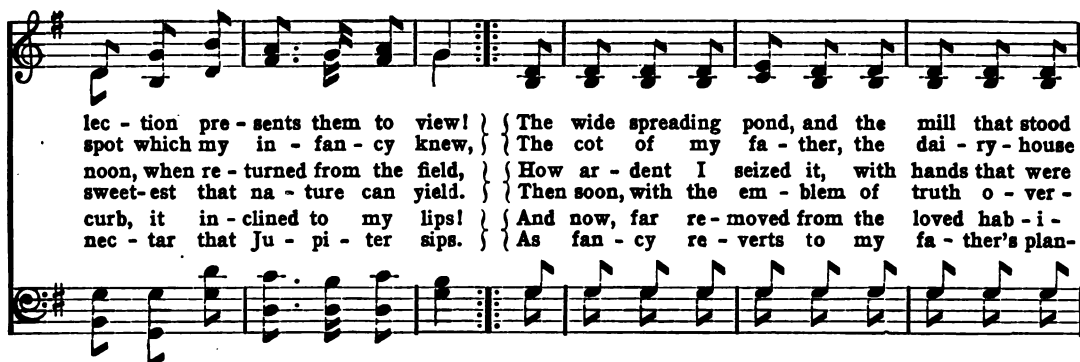
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec - ol -  
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep - tan - gled wild-wood, And ev - 'ry loved

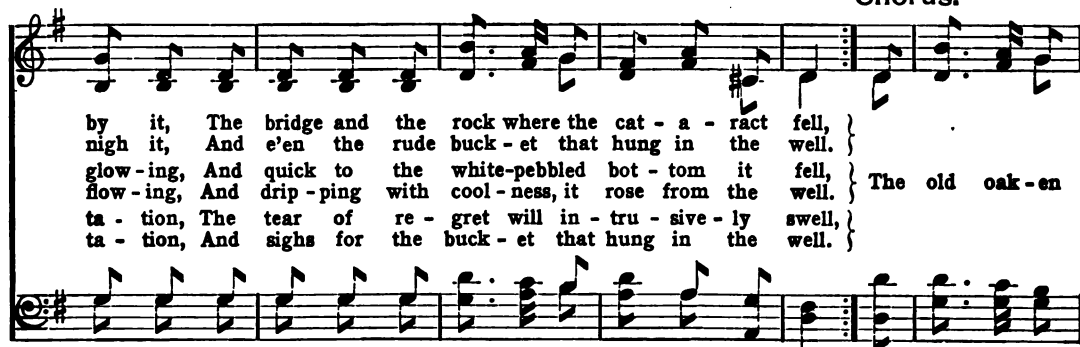
2. { That moss-cov - er'd buck - et I hailed as a treas - ure, For oft - en at  
I found it the source of an ex - qui - site pleas - ure, The pur - est and

3. { How sweet from the green, moss-y brim to re - ceive it, As poised on the  
Not a full-blush-ing gob - let could tempt me to leave it, Tho' filled with the

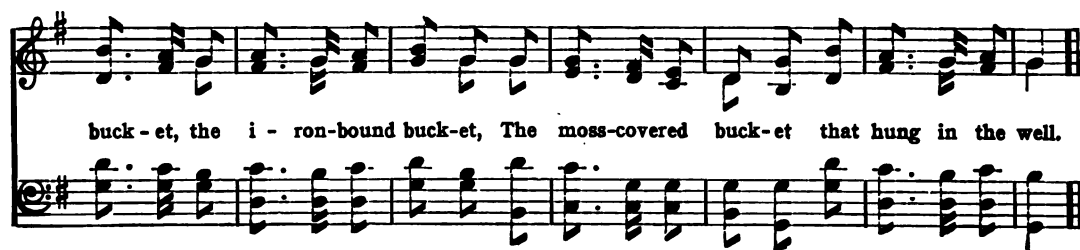


lec - tion pre - sents them to view! { The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood  
spot which my in - fan - cy knew, } { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house  
noon, when re - turned from the field, } { How ar - dent I seized it, with hands that were  
sweet - est that na - ture can yield. } { Then soon, with the em - blem of truth o - ver -  
curb, it in - clined to my lips! } { And now, far re - moved from the loved hab - i -  
nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. } { As fan - cy re - verts to my fa - ther's plan -

## Chorus.



by it, The bridge and the rock where the cat - a - ract fell, }  
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }  
glow - ing, And quick to the white-pebbled bot - tom it fell, } The old oak - en  
flow - ing, And drip - ping with cool - ness, it rose from the well. }  
ta - tion, The tear of re - gret will in - tru - sive - ly swell, }  
ta - tion, And sighs for the buck - et that hung in the well. }




buck - et, the i - ron-bound buck-et, The moss-covered buck-et that hung in the well.



# KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

HUTCHINSON.

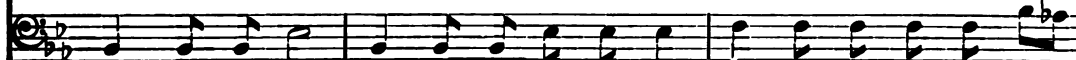

Arr. for 1, 2 or 3 Voices.





1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher - ished and blest, God knows how deep they lie  
 2. Child - hood can nev - er die, Wrecks of the past Float o'er the mem - o - ry,  
 3. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, Though, like the flow'rs, Their bright - est hues may fly  
 4. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie,


*rall. tempo.*  
 Lodged in the breast; Like child - hood's sim - ple rhymes Said o'er a thousand times,  
 Bright to the last; Man - y a hap - py thing, Man - y a dai - sy spring  
 In win - try hours; But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms a - new,  
 Wrapt in its gloom; What though the flesh de - cay, Souls pass in peace a - way,

**Chorus.**  
 Go through all years and climes Our hearts to cheer. Kind words can nev - er die,  
 Floats on time's ceas - less wing, Far, far a - way. Child - hood can nev - er die,  
 With ma - ny an add - ed hue, They bloom a - gain. Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die,  
 Live through e - ter - nal day, In heav'n a - bove. Our souls can nev - er die,

Nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 Nev - er die, nev - er die, Child - hood can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 Nev - er die, nev - er die, Sweet tho'ts can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.  
 Nev - er die, nev - er die, Our souls can nev - er die, No, nev - er die.



# THE SONGS OUR FATHERS LOVED.

Mrs. HEMANS.

Irish Air.—"The Lament of Gerald."

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*mf Smoothly and expressively.*

1. Oh! sing them on the sun - ny hills, When days are long and bright,  
 2. The songs our sires re - joiced to hear When harps were in the hall,  
 3. Your chil - dren teach them round the hearth, When eve - ning fires burn clear,

*cres.* And the az - ure gleam of shin - ing rills Is lov - liest to the sight!  
 And each proud note made lance and spear Thrill on the ban - nered wall;  
 And in the field of har - vest mirth, And on the hills of deer.

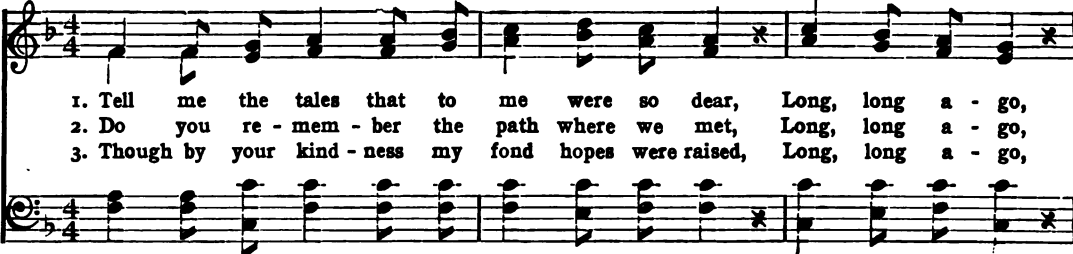
Oh! sing them on the mist - y moor, Where an - cient hunt - ers roved,  
 The songs that thro' our val - leys green Ring on from age to age,  
 So shall each un - for - got - ton word When far those loved ones roam,

*f* And swell them thro' the tor - rent's roar, *p* The songs our fa - thers loved.  
 Like his own riv - er's voice have been The peas - ant's her - it - age.  
 Call back the hearts which once it stirr'd To child - hood's ho - ly home.

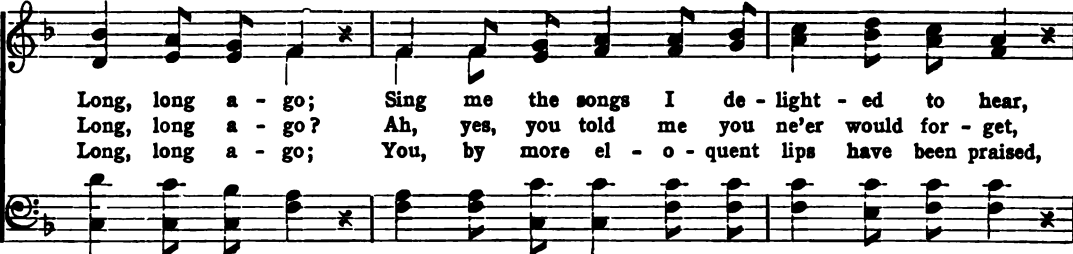
# LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. BAILEY.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go,  
 2. Do you re - mem - ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go,  
 3. Though by your kind - ness my fond hopes were raised, Long, long a - go,




Long, long a - go; Sing me the songs I de - light - ed to hear,  
 Long, long a - go? Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would for - get,  
 Long, long a - go; You, by more el - o - quent lips have been praised,



Long, long a - go, long a - go, Now you are come, all my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go, Then, to all oth - ers my  
 Long, long a - go, long a - go, But by long ab - sence your



grief is re-moved, Let me for - get that so long you have roved,  
 smile you pre-ferr'd, Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word,  
 truth has been tried, Still to your ac - cents I lis - ten with pride,



Let me be-lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Still my heart trea-sures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.  
 Blest as I was when I sat by your side, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

STEVENS ON.

Moore's Melodies.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*p Tenderly.*

1. Oft in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,  
 2. When I re - mem - ber all the friend's so link'd to - geth - er

D. C.—Thus, in the still - y night, ere slum - ber's chain hath bound me,

*cres.* *dim.* *FINE.*

Fond mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me,—  
 I've seen a - round me fall, like leaves in win - try weath - er,

Sad mem - 'ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me.

*D. C.*

{ The smiles, the tears of childhood's years, the words of love then spok - en, }  
 { The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone, the cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken: }  
 { I feel like one who treads a - lone some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, }  
 { Whose light are fled, whose gar - lands dead, and all but him de - part - ed. }

## THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

ROOT.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. There's mu-sic in the air, When the in-fant morn is nigh, And faint its blush is seen  
 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When the noontide's sultry beam, Re-flects a gold-en light  
 3. There's mu-sic in the air, When the twilight's gen-tle sigh Is lost on evening's breast,

# THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

53

On the bright and laughing sky. Many a harp's ecs - tat - ic sound, With its thrill of  
On the di - stant mountain stream. When be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing  
As its pen - sive beau - ties die: Then, O, then, the loved ones gone, Wake the pure, ce -

joy pro - found, While we list, en - chant - ed there, To the mu - sic in the air.  
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the mu - sic in the air.  
les - tial song; An - gel - ic voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.

# THE DEAREST SPOT ON EARTH.

WRIGHTON.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. The dear - est spot on earth to me is home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've  
2. I've taught my heart the way to prize my home, sweet home; I've learned to look with

D. C.—The dear - est spot on earth to me is home, sweet home; The fai - ry land I've

long'd to see is home, sweet home. There how charm'd the sense of hear - ing,  
lov - ers eyes on home, sweet home. There where vows are tru - ly plight - ed,

longed to see is home, sweet home.

There where hearts are so en - dear - ing, All the world is not so cheering As home, sweet home.  
There where hearts are so u - nit - ed, All the world be - side I've slight - ed For home, sweet home.

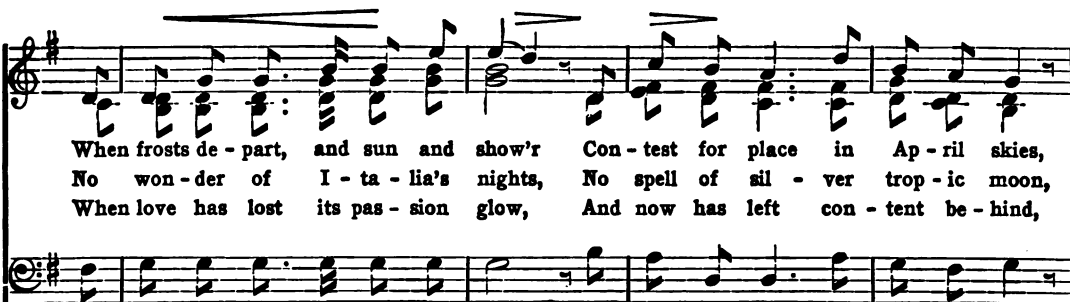
# MY NORMANDY.

F. BERAT, Arr.  
Arr. for 1, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Andante.*

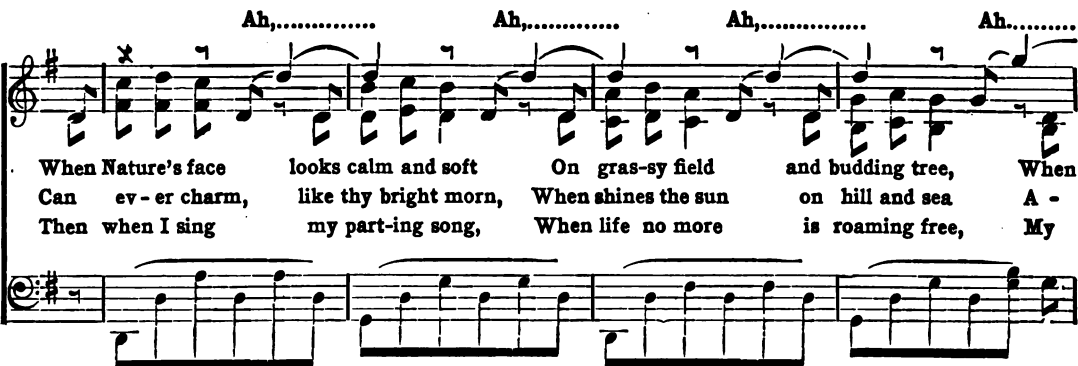


1. When in the Spring hope buds a - gain, And win - ter, ban-ish'd, south-ward flies,  
2. No gla - cier of the Al - pine heights, No gon - do - la in cool la - goon,  
3. When youth is spent, and fires burn low, When dreams em-ploy the ag - ing mind,



When frosts de - part, and sun and show'r Con - test for place in Ap - ril skies,  
No won - der of I - ta - lia's nights, No spell of sil - ver trop - ic moon,  
When love has lost its pas - sion glow, And now has left con - tent be - hind,

Ah,..... Ah,..... Ah,..... Ah,.....



When Nature's face looks calm and soft On gras-sy field and budding tree, When  
Can ev - er charm, like thy bright morn, When shines the sun on hill and sea A -  
Then when I sing my part-ing song, When life no more is roaming free, My

.....



homeward, birds fly swift a - loft, Then, then I love..... my Nor-man - dy.  
long the shore that is my home, Thy dear, dear shore,.... my Nor-man - dy.  
eyes, tho' dim, would gaze on thee, My old, old home,.... my Nor-man - dy.

# Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms.

THOMAS MOORE.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Andantino.*

1. Be - lieve me, if all those endearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -  
 2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro - fan'd by a

day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like  
 tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which

fai - ry gifts, fad - ing a - way, Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this  
 time will not make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd

mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a  
 nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the

round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still.  
 sun - flow - er turns on her god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he rose.



## ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

ELIZABETH STERLING.

English.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Cheerfully.*

1. Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The hunter's moon's be - gun, And thro' the wheat-en  
2. The Spring, she is a young maid, That does not know her mind, The Sum-mer is a  
3. The wheat is like a rich man, That's sleek and well to do, The oats are like young

stub - ble Is heard the fre - quent gun, Come out, 'tis now Sep - tem - ber, The  
ty - rant Of most un - right-eous kind, The Spring, she is a young maid, That  
las - sies, With mirth and danc - ing too, The wheat is like a rich man, That's

hunt-er's moon's be - gun, And thro' the wheat-en stub - ble Is heard the fre - quent gun;  
does not know her mind, The Sum-mer is a ty - rant Of most un-right-eous kind;  
sleek and well to do, The oats are like young las - sies With mirth and danc - ing too;

*p*

The leaves are pal - ing yel - low, Or kind - ling in - to red, And the  
The Au - tumn is an old friend, That loves one all he can, And that  
The rye is like a mi - ser, That's sulk - y, lean, and small, But the

ripe and gol - den bar - ley Is hang-ing down its head. } All a-mong the bar - ley,  
brings the hap - py bar - ley, To glai the heart of men. }  
free and beard-ed bar - ley Is mon-arch of them all. }

# ALL AMONG THE BARLEY.

57

*cres.*

Who would not be blithe, When the free and hap - py bar - ley Is smil - ing on the

*f*

scythe? When the free and hap - py bar - ley Is smil - ing on the scythe?

# LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Allegro.*

1. Life let us cher - ish While yet the ta - per glows, And the fresh flow - 'ret

**FIN.**

Pluck ere it close. Why are we fond of toil and care, Why choose the rankling  
 Pluck ere it close. Tho' clouds ob - scure the at - mosphere, And fork - ed lightning  
 Pluck ere it close. The gen - ial sea-sons soon are o'er; Then let us, ere we  
 Pluck ere it close. A - way with ev - 'ry toil and care, And cease the rankling

*D. C.*


thorn to wear, And heed - less by the lil - y stray, Which blos - soms on our way?  
 rend the air, The sun resumes his sil - ver crest, And smiles a - dorn the west.  
 quit this shore, Con - tent - ment seek; it is life's zest, The sun - shine of the breast.  
 thorn to wear, With man - ful hearts life's con - flict meet, Till death sounds the re - treat.

# THE BRAVE OLD OAK.



H. F. CHORLEY.

LODER.



Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices





1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,  
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a merry sound to hear,

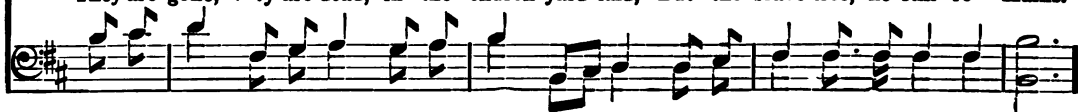
Here's health and re-nown to his broad green crown, And his fifty arms so strong.  
And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small, Were full of Christmas cheer.

There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out;  
And all the day to the re-beck gay, They car-ol'd with gladsome swains,

And he show-eth his might on a wild mid-night, When the storms thro' his branches shout.  
They are gone, they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re-mains.




Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long;



# THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

59

And still flour-ish he, a hale green tree, When a hnn-dred years are gone.

# THE MILLER OF THE DEE.

English.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.

*Allegro giocoso.*

1. There was a jol - ly mill - er once lived on the riv - er Dee;.....  
 2. I love my mill, God bless her, for she's par - ent, child and wife;.....  
 3. When spring be - gins his bright ca - reer, oh! how his heart grows gay!.....

He laughed and sang from morn to night, no lark so blithe as he.....  
 I would not change my sta - tion here for an - y other in life.....  
 No sum-mer's drought a - larms his fears, nor win - ter's cold de - cay;.....

And this the bur - den of his song for ev - er used to be:.....  
 No law - yer, surgeon or doc - tor ev - er had a groat from me.....  
 No fore-sight mars the mill - er's joy, who's wont to sing and say:.....


"I care for no - bo - dy, no not I, if no - bo - dy cares for me.....  
 For I care for no - bo - dy, no no I, if no - bo - dy cares for me."..  
 "Let oth - ers la - bor from year to year, I live but from day to day."....

## THE IVY GREEN.



CHARLES DICKENS.

HENRY RUSSELL.



Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Con espressione.*




1. A dain - ty plant is the I - vy green, That creep-eth o'er ru - ins old,.....  
 2. — Fast he steals, tho' he wears no wings, A stur - dy old heart has he,.....  
 3. Whole ages have fled, and their, works de - cayed, And na - tions have scat - tered been,.....


Of right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold;  
 How close he twin - eth, how close he clings, To his friend, the huge oak tree!  
 But the stout old I - vy shall nev - er fade From its hale and hear - ty green;

The wall must be crumbled, the stones de - cayed, To pleasure his dain - ty whim,  
 And sly - ly he trail - eth a - long the ground, And his leaves — he gent - ly waves,  
 The brave — old plant in its lone - ly days, Shall fat - ten up - on the past;

And the mol - d'ring dust that years have made Is a mer - ry meal for him—  
 As he joy - ously hugs and crowd - eth round The — mold of dead men's graves—  
 For the state - liest build - ing man can raise Is the I - vy's food at last—




Creep - ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green,



# THE IVY GREEN.

61



Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green;  
 Creep - ing, creep - ing,



Creep-ing where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.  
 Creep - ing, creep - ing, Creep-ing where no life is seen,



Creep-ing, where no life is seen, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.  
 Creep - ing, creep - ing,

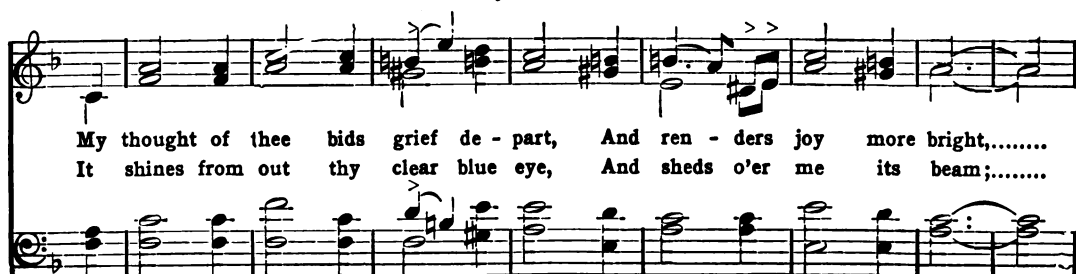
# GOOD-NIGHT, FAREWELL.

F. KUCKEN.  
 Unison or 4 Voices.

*Moderato.*



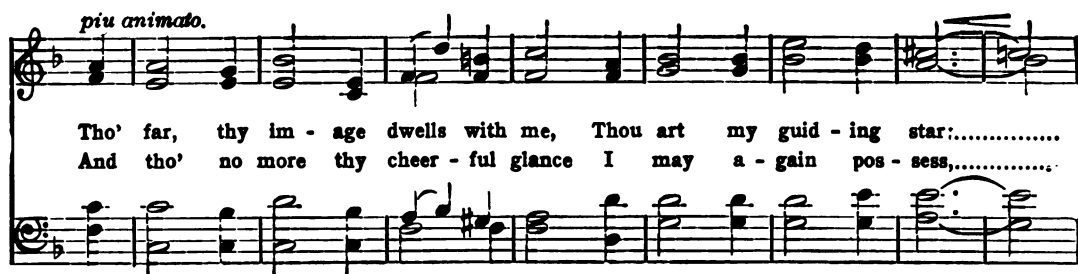
1. Good-night, fare-well, my own true heart, A thou - sand times, good-night,.....  
 2. The heart I see re - flect - ed by A star with - in the stream;.....



My thought of thee bids grief de - part, And ren - ders joy more bright,.....  
 It shines from out thy clear blue eye, And sheds o'er me its beam;.....

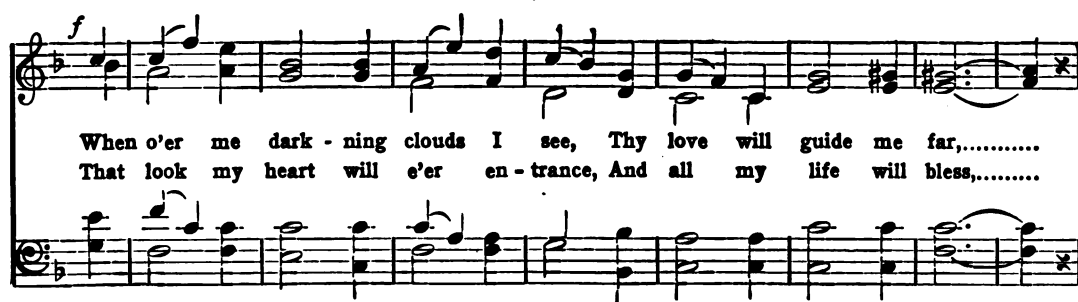
## GOOD-NIGHT, FAREWELL

*piu animato.*




Tho' far, thy im - age dwells with me, Thou art my guid - ing star:.....  
And tho' no more thy cheer - ful glance I may a - gain pos - sess,.....

*f*




When o'er me dark - ning clouds I see, Thy love will guide me far,.....  
That look my heart will e'er en - trance, And all my life will bless,.....



When o'er me dark - 'ning clouds I see, Thy love will  
That look my heart will e'er en - trance, And all my

*cres.* *rall.*



guide me far..... } Fare - well..... my own true heart, A thous - and  
life will bless..... }



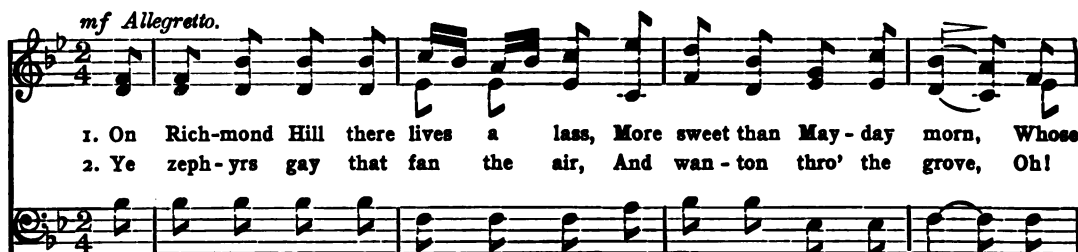
times fare - well,..... Good - night, fare - well! Good - night, fare - well!.....

# THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL!

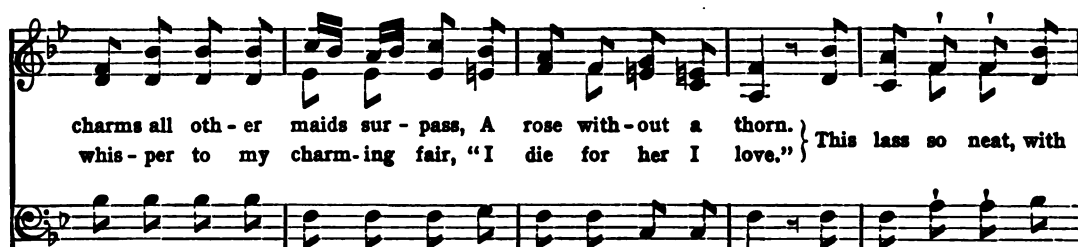
LEONARD McNALLY.

JAMES HOOK.  
Arr. for 1, 2, or 3 Voices.

*mf Allegretto.*

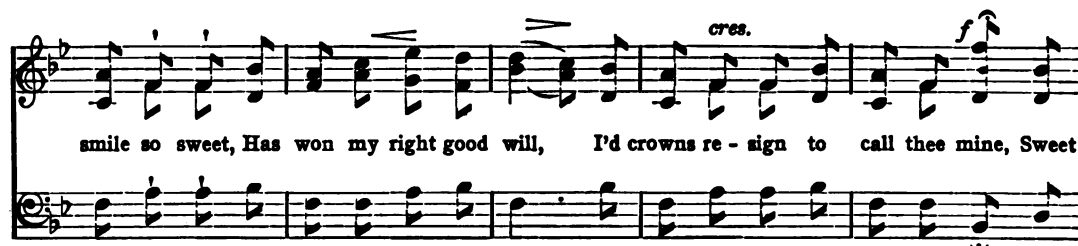


1. On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May-day morn, Whose  
2. Ye zeph-yrs gay that fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the grove, Oh!



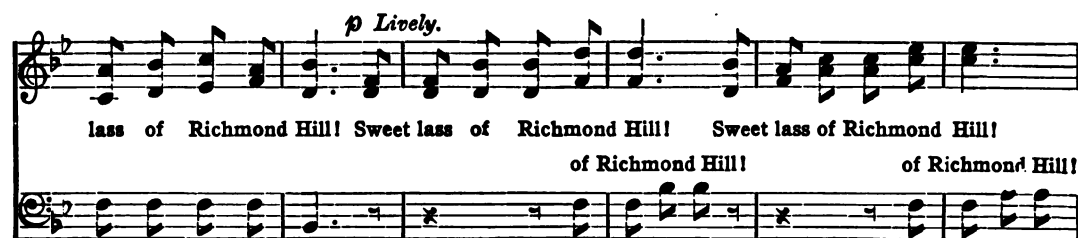
charms all oth-er maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a thorn. } This lass so neat, with  
whis-per to my charm-ing fair, "I die for her I love."

*cres.*




smile so sweet, Has won my right good will, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet

*p Lively.*



lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond Hill! Sweet lass of Richmond Hill!  
of Richmond Hill! of Richmond Hill!

*f*



I'd crowns re-sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill!



## WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

MENDELSSOHN.  
For Unison or 4 Voices.

*poco sostenuto.*

1. The law has been from a - ges past, From pre - cious ones that man holds fast,  
2. If you are giv'n a bud to - day, You place it in a vase a - way  
3. And hast thou one whom thou dost love, One dear - er than all else a - bove,

*pp* *mf*

There's part - ing, there's part - ing. And sure - ly in our life's ca - reer,  
Se - cure - ly, se - cure - ly. There blooms a rose at ear - ly dawn  
Thine on - ly, thine on - ly? Be - fore the rose - es bloom a - gain

*sf* *pp* *mf rit.*

No sad - der word we ev - er hear, Than part - ing, than part - ing, yes, part - ing.  
But with - ers ere the day is gone, So sure - ly, so sure - ly, yes, sure - ly.  
For hap - py hours thou'lt sigh in vain, So lone - ly, so lone - ly, yes, lone - ly.

*f* *p*

4. Yet do not think that hope is vain; For we be - lieve,

*mf* *cres.* *f*

When of his friend one tak - eth leave, He well doth say "We'll meet a - gain,

# WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

65

*p* *rit.*

We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet..... a - gain."

The musical score for 'We'll Meet Again' is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The lyrics are: 'We'll meet a - gain, we'll meet..... a - gain.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

# SPRING SONG.

Polish Air.

Arr. for 1, 2 or 3 Voices.

*f*

1. Spring is here, the earth re - joic - es, Na - ture runs with smiles to greet her;  
2. Birds in ev - 'ry tree - top call - ing, Fill the woods with sounds of glad - ness;  
3. Earth and heav'n lift up their voic - es, Sun and sky, wood, field and riv - er;

The first system of the 'Spring Song' musical score is in treble and bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. It starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are presented in three numbered lines, each corresponding to a vocal part. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

*p*

Mead and hill lift up their voic - es, Buds and flow'rs come forth to meet her!  
Hark! the thrill - ing tones are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.  
At their song our heart re - joic - es, For it all we praise the Giv - er.

The second system continues the 'Spring Song' in the same key and time signature. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lyrics continue across three lines, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support.

*f*

Hap - py Spring, bright and gay! Win - ter now has pass'd a - way!

The third system of the 'Spring Song' features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Hap - py Spring, bright and gay! Win - ter now has pass'd a - way!'. The musical notation continues with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes in the piano part.

*f*

Hap - py Spring, bright and gay! Win - ter now has pass'd a - way.

The fourth and final system of the 'Spring Song' also features a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'Hap - py Spring, bright and gay! Win - ter now has pass'd a - way.' The score concludes with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

## JOY! JOY! FREEDOM TO-DAY!

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*ff Allegro.*

1. Joy! joy! free - dom to - day! Care! care! drive it a - way! Youth, health and  
 2. Ring! ring! mer - ri - ly, bells! Swing! swing! on - ward your swells, Tell - ing of

vig - or our sens - es o'er - pow'r; Troub - le! count it for naught!  
 hope, love and joy to the world; Tri - umph proud ye pro - claim!

FINE.

Ban - ish, ban - ish the thought, Pleas - ure and mirth shall rule o'er this hour.  
 Free - dom! what can we name Fair - er than Fa - ther - land here un - furled?

Joy to - day! joy, joy to day! and care, care, drive it

far a - way! Joy to - day! joy, joy to - day! and care, care.

D. C.

drive, it far a - way! a-way, a - way! a-way, a - way!

## AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

(MATERNA.)

SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,  
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress  
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - a - ting strife,  
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees, be - yond the years,

For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain;  
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness;  
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life;  
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dimmed by hu - man tears;

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea.  
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.  
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.  
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

## O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

ROBERT BURNS.

MENDELSSOHN.  
Arr. for 1 or 2 Voices.

1. O wert thou in the  
2. Or were I in the

cauld. blast, On yon - der lea, on yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the ang - ry  
wild - est waste Of earth and air, of earth and air, The des - ert were a par - a -

airt,..... I'd shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee. Or did mis - for - tune's  
dise,..... If thou wert there, if thou wert there. Or were I mon - arch

bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw,  
o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,

Thy shield should be my bos - om, To share it a', to share it a'.  
The on - ly jew - el in my crown Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

## O TEMPORA! O MORES!

ANON.

*Allegro.*

1. { There went a fid - dler march - ing, a - march - ing on the Nile,  
 There crept from out the wa - ter a - mon - strous cro - co - dile:  
 2. { Then up the fid - dler took at once his cun - ning bow with care,  
 And from his an - cient fid - dle drew such tones of mu - sic rare.  
 3. { And when the fid - dle sound - ed, be - neath his skil - ful hands,  
 The cro - co - dile be - gan to dance up - on the des - ert sands.

*f*

O Tem - po - ra! O Mo - res!..... And as it fain would  
 O Tem - po - ra! O Mo - res!..... Al - le - gro, dol - ce.  
 O Tem - po - ra! O Mo - res!..... Quad - rilles, gavottes, and

swal - low him; Such teeth you nev - er saw, Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O  
 pres - to, Such tunes you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O  
 waltz - es, Such steps you nev - er saw! Fal - lal - la - la - la - la, O

*f*

Tem - po tem - po - ra, To thee be praise for end - less days, Dame Mu - sic - a.

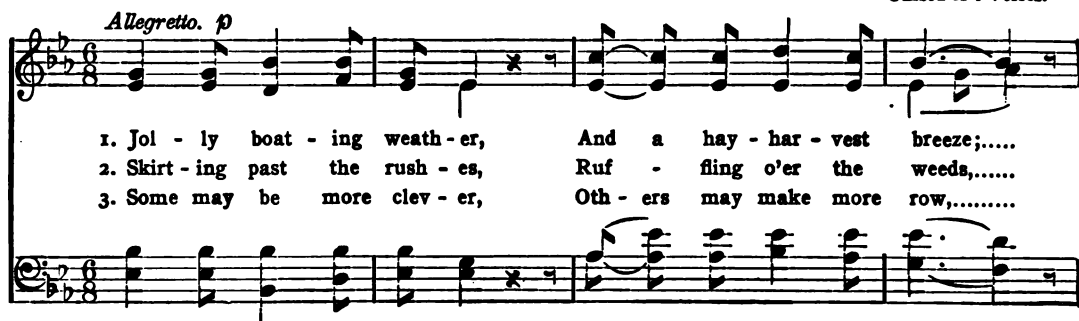
4 Upon the desert sands he danced,  
 And that to such a tune,  
 O Tempora! O Mores!  
 He brought seven ancient pyramids  
 A tumbling round him soon.  
 O Tempora! O Mores!  
 For they had long been shaky,  
 Such shakes you never saw!  
 Fal-lal-la-la-la-la, &c.

5 And now this song is ended  
 The moral's near to seek,  
 O Tempora! O Mores!  
 It is not well to spend your time  
 Alone in learning Greek.  
 O Tempora! O Mores!  
 But learn at once to fiddle,  
 Such sport you never saw!  
 Fal-lal-la-la-la-la, &c.

## BOATING SONG.

Unison or 4 Voices.

*Allegretto. p*



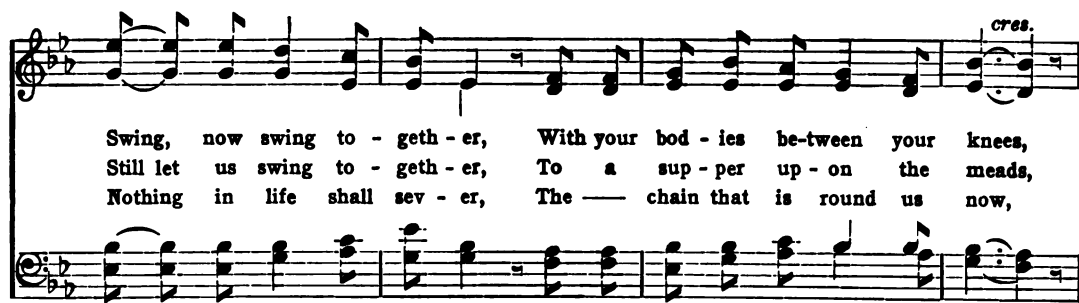
1. Jol - ly boat - ing weath - er,      And a hay - har - vest breeze;....  
 2. Skirt - ing past the rush - es,      Ruf - fling o'er the weeds;.....  
 3. Some may be more clew - er,      Oth - ers may make more row;.....

*cres. mp cresc. f*



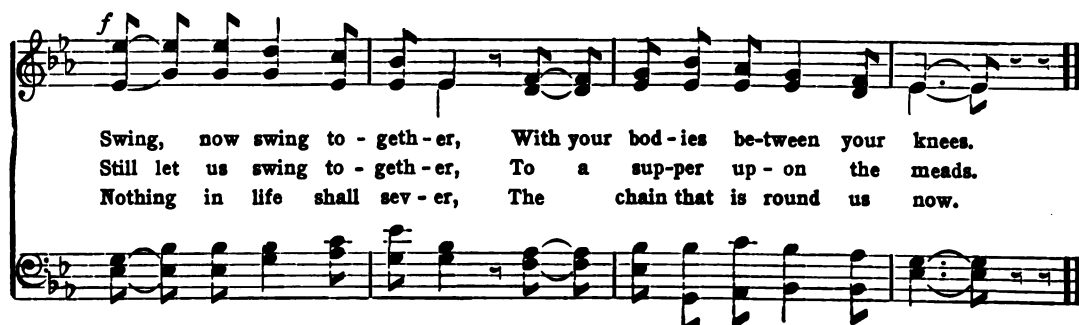
Blade up - on the "feath - er,"      Shad - ows from off the trees;.....  
 Where the lock - stream gush - es,      Where the cyg - net feeds;.....  
 We'll swing on for - ev - er,      Stead - y from stroke to bow;.....

*cres.*



Swing, now swing to - geth - er,      With your bod - ies be - tween your knees,  
 Still let us swing to - geth - er,      To a sup - per up - on the meads,  
 Nothing in life shall sev - er,      The — chain that is round us now,

*f*



Swing, now swing to - geth - er,      With your bod - ies be - tween your knees.  
 Still let us swing to - geth - er,      To a sup - per up - on the meads.  
 Nothing in life shall sev - er,      The chain that is round us now.

# GOOD MORROW, GOSSIP JOAN.

Old English.

Arr. for 1, 2 or 3 Voices.

*Briskly.*

1. Good mor-row Gos-sip  
2. My spar-row's flown a -  
3. I've lost my Har-ry  
4. I've lost my wed-ding  
5. My pock-et is cut

*p*

Joan, Where have you been a - walk-ing? I have for you at home,..... I  
way, And will no more come to me; I've broke a glass to - day,..... I've  
groat Was left me by my gran-ny; I can - not find it out,..... I  
ring, That was made of sil - ver gild - ed; I'd drink would please a king,..... I'd  
off, That was full of sug - ar can - dy; I can - not stop my cough,..... I

*p*

*f*

have for you at home,..... A bud-get full of talk - - ing, Gos-sip Joan!  
broke a glass to - day,..... The price will quite un - do,..... me, Gos-sip Joan!  
can - not find it out,..... I've search'd in ev - 'ry cran - - ny, Gos-sip Joan!  
drink would please a king,..... Bnt that my cat has spill'd..... it, Gos-sip Joan!  
con - not stop my cough,..... With-out some cher-ry bran - - dy, Gos-sip Joan!

*f*

*After last verse.*

*rall.*

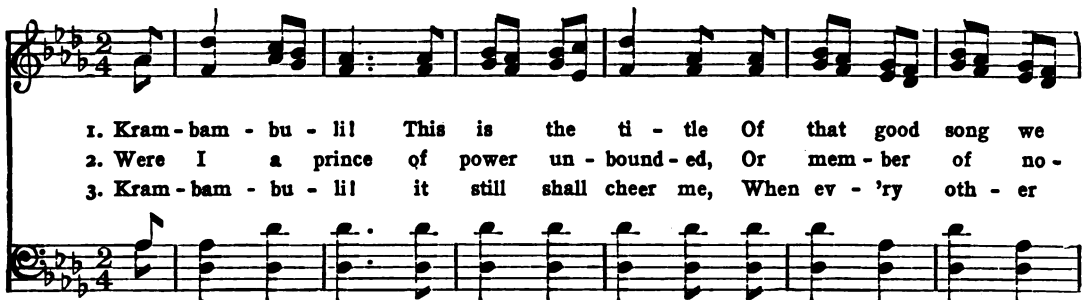
*dim.*



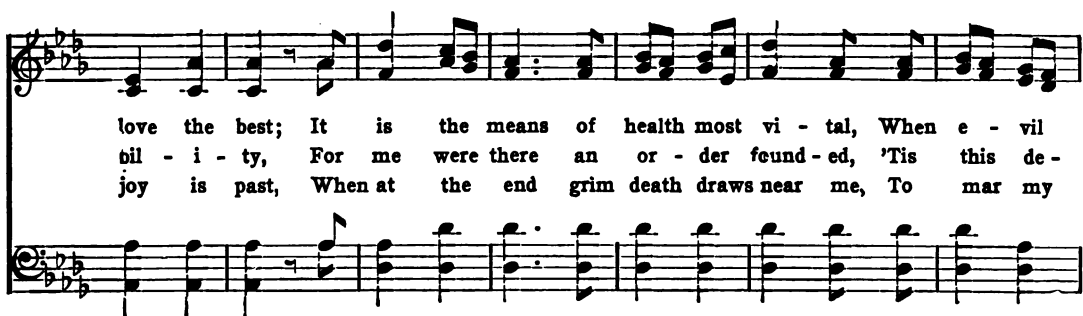
# KRAMBAMBULI.

Student Song.


Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



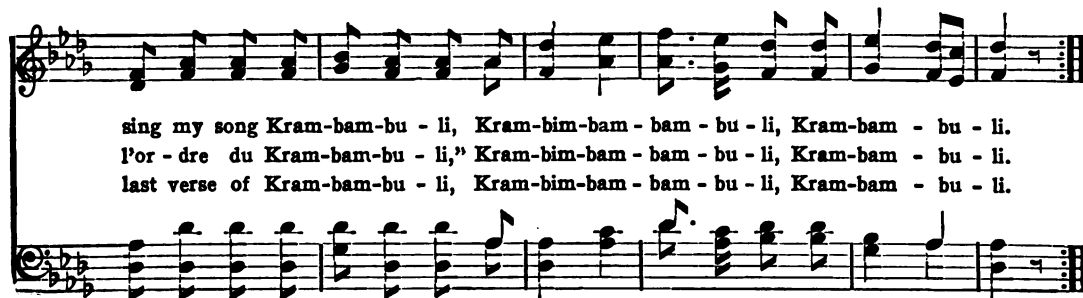
1. Kram - bam - bu - li! This is the ti - tle Of that good song we  
 2. Were I a prince of power un - bound - ed, Or mem - ber of no -  
 3. Kram - bam - bu - li! it still shall cheer me, When ev - 'ry oth - er



love the best; It is the means of health most vi - tal, When e - vil  
 bil - i - ty, For me were there an or - der feund - ed, 'Tis this de -  
 joy is past, When at the end grim death draws near me, To mar my



for - tunes us mo - lest. From eve - ning late till morn - ing free, I'll  
 vice I'd hang there - on, "Tou - jours fi - de - le et sans sou - ci, C'est  
 plea - sure at the last, 'Tis then we'll sing in com - pa - ny The

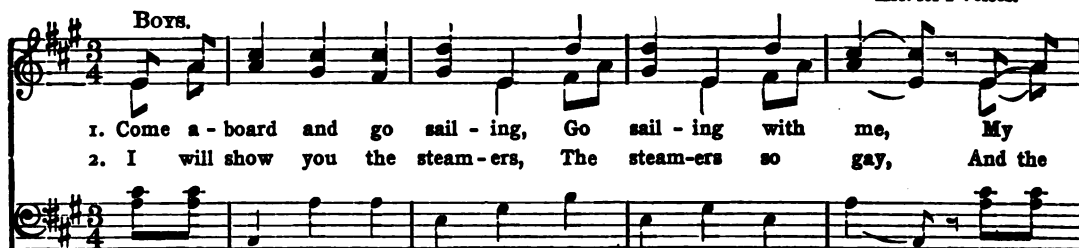


sing my song Kram-bam-bu - li, Kram-bim-bam - bam - bu - li, Kram-bam - bu - li.  
 l'or - dre du Kram-bam-bu - li," Kram-bim-bam - bam - bu - li, Kram-bam - bu - li.  
 last verse of Kram-bam-bu - li, Kram-bim-bam - bam - bu - li, Kram-bam - bu - li.

# BON VOYAGE.

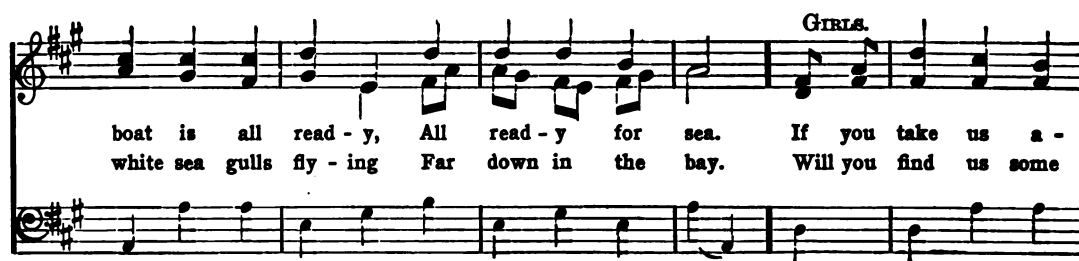
THOS. KOSCHAT.  
Arr. for 2 Voices.

**Boys.**

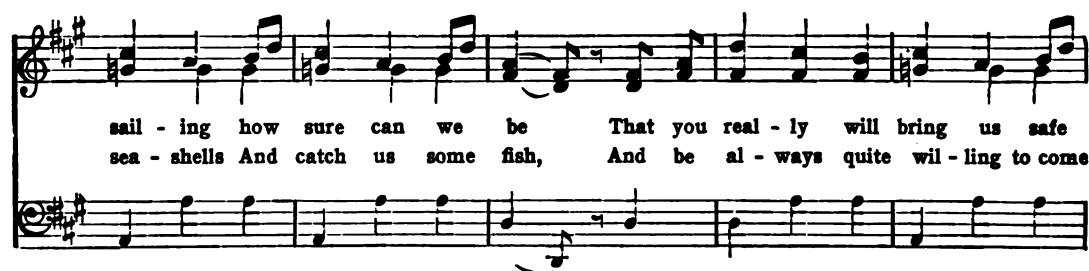


1. Come a - board and go sail - ing, Go sail - ing with me, My  
2. I will show you the steam - ers, The steam - ers so gay, And the

**GIRLS.**



boat is all read - y, All read - y for sea. If you take us a -  
white sea gulls fly - ing Far down in the bay. Will you find us some



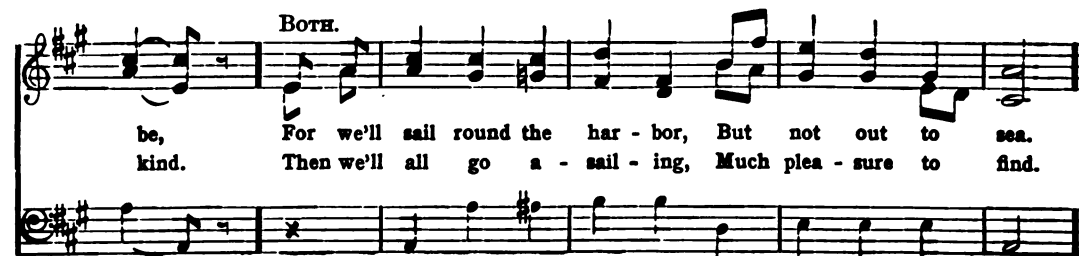
sail - ing how sure can we be That you real - ly will bring us safe  
sea - shells And catch us some fish, And be al - ways quite wil - ling to come

**Boys.**



home to our tea? I'm a ver - y fine sail - or, Quite safe you will  
home when we wish? I'll be ver - y o - blig - ing And pleas - ant and

**Both.**



be, For we'll sail round the har - bor, But not out to sea.  
kind. Then we'll all go a - sail - ing, Much plea - sure to find.

## SWEET AND LOW.

TENNYSON.

J. BARNEY. Arr.

May be sung by 2 Sopranos and Alto. Bass optional.

*pp* *Larghetto.*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea,.....  
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon,.....

*pp*

*sf* *p*

Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea;.....  
 Rest, rest on moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;.....

*sf* *p*

*mf* *pp*

1. O - ver the roll - ing wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing  
 O - - - ver the wa - ters go, Come - - - from the  
 2. Fa - ther will come to his babe in the nest, Sil - - - ver sails all  
 Fa - - - ther will come to thee, Sil - - - ver sails from

*mf* *pp*

O - - - ver the wa - ters go, Come from the  
 Fa - - - ther will come to thee, Sil - - - ver sails from

# SWEET AND LOW.

75

1. moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to me;.....  
 2. out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver moon;.....  
 out the west,  
 moon and blow,  
 out the west,  
 While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps.....  
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....  
 While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one, sleeps.....  
 Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

# GAELIC LULLABY.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. Hush! the waves are roll - ing in, White with foam,— white with foam;  
 2. Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, On they come,— on they come!  
 3. Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes, Where they roam,— where they roam;  
 Fa - ther toils a - mid the din, But ba - by sleeps at home.....  
 Broth - er seeks the wan - d'ring sheep, But ba - by sleeps at home.....  
 Sis - ter goes to seek the cows, But ba - by sleeps at home.....

# LULLABY AND GOOD-NIGHT.

JOH. BRAHMS.  
Arr. for 1 or 2 Voices,

1. Lul - la - by and good - night, with  
2. Lul - la - by and good - night, thy  
3. Lul - la - by and good - night, those

*p*

ro - ses be - dight, With lil - ies be - sted, is ba - by's wee  
moth-er's de - light,— Bright an - gels a - round my dar - ling shall  
blue eyes close tight; No dan - gers are near, so sleep with - out

bed; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be  
stand; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my  
fear Till the morn - ing's bright sun has a new day be -

# LULLABY AND GOOD-NIGHT.

77



blest; Lay thee down now and rest, may thy slum - ber be blest.  
 arms; They will guard thee from harms, thou shalt wake in my arms.  
 gun, Till the morn - ing's bright sun has a new day be - gun.

## WHO IS SYLVIA?

SHAKSPEARE.

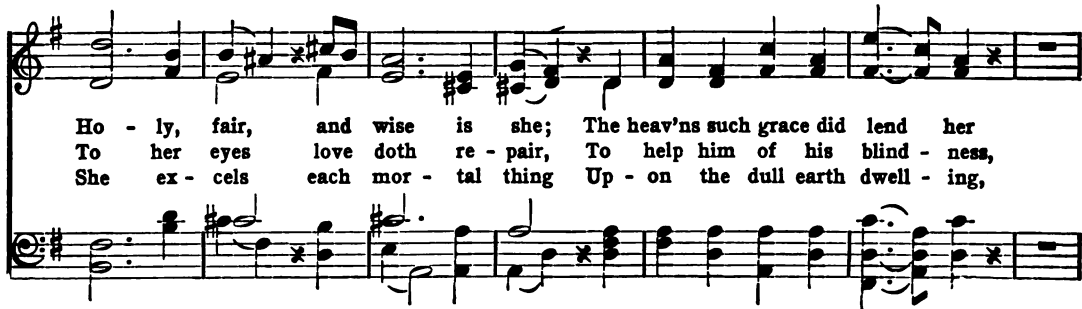
FRANZ SCHUBERT.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.

*Moderato.*



1. Who is Syl - via? what is she, That all our swains com - mend her?  
 2. Is she kind as she is fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness.  
 3. Then to Syl - via let us sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - ling:



Ho - ly, fair, and wise is she; The heav'ns such grace did lend her  
 To her eyes love doth re - pair, To help him of his blind - ness,  
 She ex - cels each mor - tal thing Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing,



That a - dor - ed she might be. That a - dor - ed she might be.  
 And, being heal'd, he there doth dwell, And, being heal'd, he there doth dwell.  
 Gar - lands to her let us bring, Gar - lands to her let us bring.

## THE SAND-MAN.

JOH. BRAHMS.  
Arr. for 1 or 2 Voices.

*Andante.* 3/8

1. The flow-rets all sleep sound-ly Be-neath the moon's bright ray, They  
birds that sang so sweet-ly When noon-day sun rose high, With-  
see, the lit-tle dust-man At the win-dow shows his head, And  
ere the lit-tle dust-man Is man-y steps a-way, Thy

*p e dolce.*

nod their heads to-gether And dream the night a-way.  
in their nests are sleep-ing, Now night is draw-ing nigh.  
looks for all good chil-dren, Who ought to be in bed.  
pret-ty eyes, my dar-ling, Close fast un-til next day.

The bud-ding trees wave to and fro, And mur-mur soft and low.  
The crick-et as it moves a-long A-lone gives forth its song.  
And as each wea-ry pet he spies Throws dust in-to its eyes.  
But they shall ope at morn-ing's light And greet the sun-shine bright.

# THE SAND-MAN.

79

Sleep on! sleep on, sleep on, my lit-tle one, one,

*D.S.* *FINE.*

2. The  
3. Now  
4. And

# SILENT NIGHT.

MICHAEL HAYDN.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices

*p* *pp* *mf*

Si-lent night! Ho-ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon vir-gin mother and Child!

*pp* *p*

Ho-ly In-fant, so ten-der and mild, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace!



## O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Arr. for 3 or 4 Voices, Bass optional.

*Allegretto.*

1. O hush thee, my ba - bie, thy sire was a knight, Thy moth - er a  
 2. O fear not the bu - gle, though loud - ly it blows; It calls but the  
 3. O hush thee, my ba - bie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be

la - dy, both gen - tle and bright, both gen - tle and bright; The woods and the  
 war - ders that guard thy re - pose, that guard thy re - pose; Their bows would be  
 bro - ken by trum - pet and drum, by trum - pet and drum. Then hush thee, my

glens from the tow'rs which we see, They are all be - long - ing, dear ba - bie, to  
 bend - ed, their blades would be red Ere the step of a foe - man draws near to thy  
 Ere the step of a foe - man draws  
 dar - ling, take rest while you may, (Omit to 3d time.)

## O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

thee, they are all be-long-ing, dear ba-bie, to thee. O hush thee, my  
 thee,  
 bed, Ere the step of a foe-man draws near to thy bed.  
 near,

*f* *dim.* *pp*

be-long-ing to thee. O hush thee, O hush thee, my  
 a foe-man draws near.

*f* *pp*

O hush..... thee, my ba - - - - - bie.....

ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba-bie, O hush thee, my ba - - - - - bie.....

*p* *p*

*p* *p*

3d time. *dim.*

For strife comes with man-hood, and wak-ing with day, for strife comes with

*dim.*

# O HUSH THEE, MY BABIE.

man-hood and wak - - - ing with day. O hush thee, my

wak - ing with day. O hush thee, O hush thee, my

wak - - - ing with day.

*pp*

*pp*

*dim.*

O hush..... thee, O hush..... thee O

ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie, O hush thee, my ba - bie,

*p*

*p*

hush..... thee, O hush thee,

hush thee, my babe. O hush thee, my ba - - - bie.

hush thee, my babe. O hush thee, my ba - - - bie.

*dim.*

*pp*

*raff.*

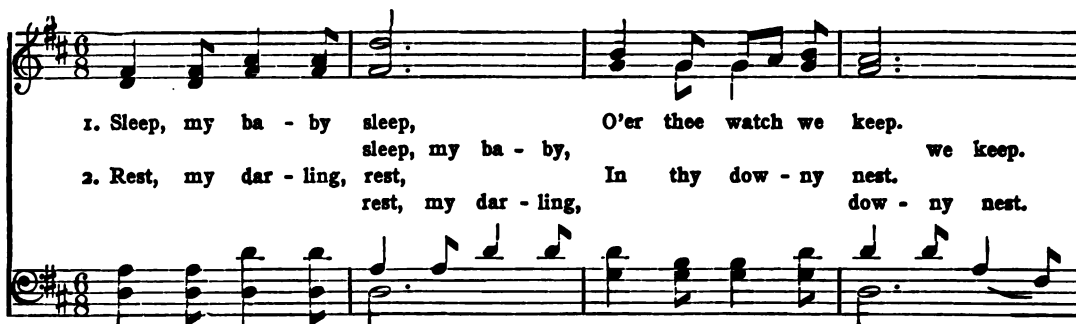
*pp*

*pp*

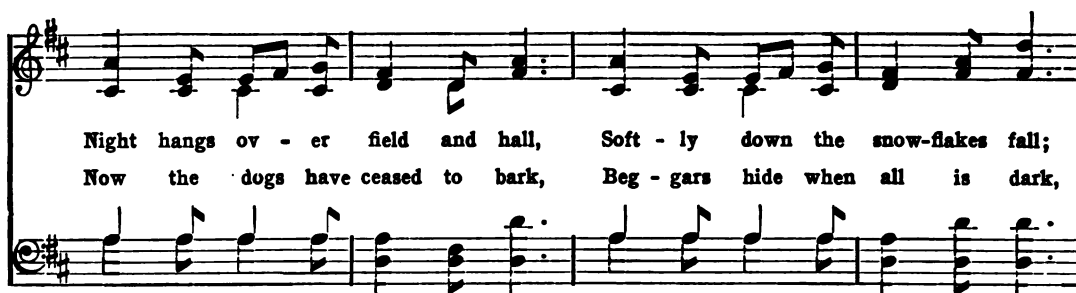
# CRADLE SONG.

TAUBERT.

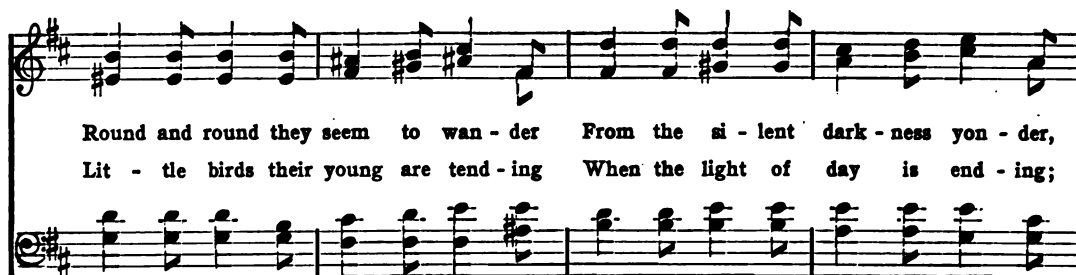
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



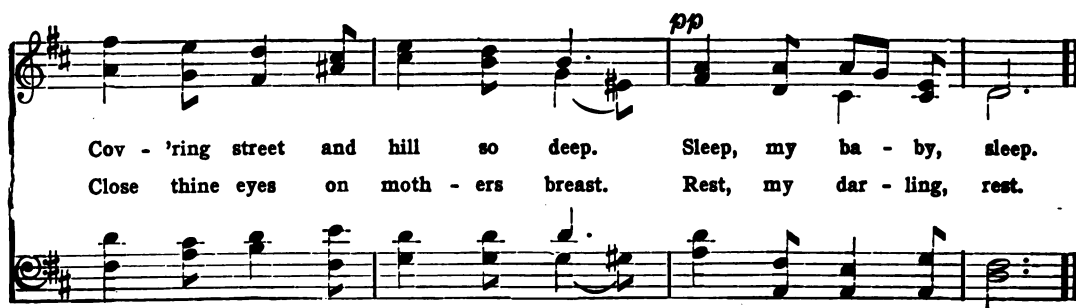
1. Sleep, my ba - by sleep, O'er thee watch we keep.  
 sleep, my ba - by, we keep.  
 2. Rest, my dar - ling, rest, In thy dow - ny nest.  
 rest, my dar - ling, dow - ny nest.



Night hangs ov - er field and hall, Soft - ly down the snow-flakes fall;  
 Now the dogs have ceased to bark, Beg - gars hide when all is dark,



Round and round they seem to wan - der From the si - lent dark - ness yon - der,  
 Lit - tle birds their young are tend - ing When the light of day is end - ing;



*pp*  
 Cov - 'ring street and hill so deep. Sleep, my ba - by, sleep.  
 Close thine eyes on moth - ers breast. Rest, my dar - ling, rest.

## SLUMBER, BELOVED.

J. S. BACH.

*Andante.*

Slum - ber be -

lov - ed, and take.....

..... thy re - pose,..... slum - ber, be - lov - ed, and take thy re - pose,

Soon..... wilt thou wak - en, our joy..... and our glo - ry, Slum - ber, be -

# SLUMBER, BELOVED.

85

First system of musical notation. The vocal line (treble clef) contains the lyrics: "lov - ed, and take..... thy re - pose, Soon wilt thou wak - en, our". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a complex, flowing melody.

Second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "joy and our glo - ry." The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic flow, featuring a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. This system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment, which is highly melodic and intricate, with various ornaments and slurs.

Fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: "Slum - ber, be - lov - ed, and". The piano accompaniment continues, ending with a piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.

## SLUMBER, BELOVED.

take..... thy re - pose, slum - ber, be - lov - ed, and take..... thy re -

The first system of the musical score for 'Slumber, Beloved.' It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a half note 'take' followed by a dotted half note 'thy re - pose,' then a quarter note 'slum - ber,' an eighth note 'be - lov - ed,' and ends with a half note 'and take' followed by a dotted half note 'thy re -'.

pose; Soon..... wilt thou wak - en, our joy..... and our glo - ry,

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'pose;' followed by a dotted half note 'Soon..... wilt thou wak - en, our joy..... and our glo - ry,'.

soon wilt thou wak - en, our joy and our glo - - ry, wak - - en,

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'soon wilt thou wak - en, our joy and our glo - - ry, wak - - en,'. A trill (tr) is indicated above the final note of the vocal line.

wak - en, soon..... wilt thou wak - en, soon wak -

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note 'wak - en, soon..... wilt thou wak - en, soon wak -'.

# SLUMBER, BELOVED.

87



- - en, our joy..... and glo - ry.

# GOLDEN SLUMBERS.

17th Century.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Smoothly.*



1. Gold - en slum - bers kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise;  
2. Care is heav - y, there - fore sleep; You are care, and care must keep;



Sleep, lit - tle chil - dren, do not cry, And I will sing a lul - la - by,



Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by.



## THE LOST CHORD.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Unison or \*3 Voices.

*Andante moderato.*

*cres. f dim.*

*Ped. \**

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea - ry and ill at

*Accomp. with closed lips.*

*p Ped. \**

ease, And my fin - gers wan - dered i - dly O - ver the nois - y keys; I

*Ped. \**

know not what I was play - ing, Or what I was dream-ing then, But I

*cres. dim. \**

\*Three Voices by using small notes.

# THE LOST CHORD.

89

struck one chord of mu - sic Like the sound of a great A - men, Like the

*cres.* *f*

*p* *cres.*

sound of the great..... A - men.

*poco rall.* *dim.*

*dim.* *p* *cres.* *f*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

It flood - ed the crim - son twi - light, Like the

*dim.* *p*

close of an an - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fev - er'd spir - it, With

*dim.*

*cres.* *dim.*

## THE LOST CHORD.

*cres.*

touch of in - fi - nite calm; It qui - et - ed pain and sor - row, Like

*cres.*

*dis.*

love o - ver - com - ing strife; It seem'd the har - mo - nious ech - o From

*dim.* *p*

*tranquillo sempre.*

our dis - cord - ant life; It link'd all per - plex - ing mean - ings In - to

*p tranquillo.*

*poco a poco piu animato.*

one per - fect peace, And trembled a - way in - to si - lence, As

*cres.* *ani mato.*

*ped.*

# THE LOST CHORD.

91

*agilato.*  
*f*

if it were loth to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

*f* *agilato.* *f*

*Ped.* \*

vain - ly, That one lost chord div - ine, Which

*Ped.* \*

came from the soul of the or - gan, And en - ter'd in - to

*grandioso.*  
*f* UNISON.

mine. It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will

*cres. molto rit.* *f* *ff*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

# THE LOST CHORD.

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall
   
*sempre.* *ff*
  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

hear that grand A - men; It may be that Death's bright an - gel Will
   
*f*
  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

speak in that chord a - gain; It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall
   
*ff* *rit.* *con grand forza.*
  
*ff* *colla voce.* *con grand forza.*
  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

hear that grand A - men.....
   
*a tempo.* *rallentando.*
  
*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

# WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

93

(TWO-PART SONG.)

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

*Moderato.*

2D VOICE.

Moun - tains dim - ly tow'r - ing Rest in gloom of night,

*p*

*Ped.* \*

Pines are dark - ly low'r - ing, Not a bird in sight; Ev - 'ry sound is hush'd now,

Wrapt in slum - ber blest, Patience, wanderer, pa - tience, Soon thou too shalt rest.

Moun - tains dim - ly tow'r - - - ing, Rest..... in

1ST VOICE.

Moun-tains dim - ly tow'r - ing,

*p*

## WANDER NIGHT SONG.

gloom of night, Pines are dark - ly low'r - - - ing,

Rest in gloom of night, Pines are dark - ly low'r - ing,

Not..... a bird in sight; Ev - 'ry sound is

Not ..... a bird in sight; Ev-'ry

hush'd now, Wrapt in slum - ber blest,

sound is hush'd now, Wrapt in slum - ber blest,

Pa - tience, wan - derer, pa - - - tience, Soon thou too shalt

Pa - tience, wan - derer, pa - - - tience, Soon thou too shalt

*mf* *Ed.* *p*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The voice part is on a single staff, while the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass). The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano). There are also performance instructions like *cres.* (crescendo) and *Ed.* (edit). The overall mood is somber and reflective, consistent with the title 'Wander Night Song'.

# WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG.

95

rest,..... Pa - tience, wan - derer, pa - - - tience,

rest,..... Pa - tience, wan - derer, pa - - - tience,

D.

Soon thou too..... shalt rest!

Soon thou too shalt rest!

## ROUND.—EVENING.

W. W. PEARSON.

1.  
Earth and sky,..... earth and sky, earth and sky are still and clear;

2.  
Eve - ning calm, eve - ning calm, eve - ning calm is draw - ing near;

3.  
Night's fair queen,... night's fair queen. night's fair queen will soon ap - pear.



# AFTER THE RAIN.

(FOR TWO VOICES.)

FREDERICK ENOCH.

PINSUTI.

*Allegretto.*

*p* *sf* *p* Af - ter the

rain,..... af - ter the rain,..... Bright is the sun - light o'er moun - tain and

plain; Bright-er it seems when it shin - eth a - gain,..... Af - ter the

*rall.* *a tempo.* **FIN.** *1st time.*

rain,..... af - ter the rain.

**FIN.**

*Poco meno mosso.* *1st VOICE.* *con gioia.* *f* *p*

*p leggiero.* And the song of the bird is so hap - py and loud, And the flow'r is so

# AFTER THE RAIN.

97

*animando.* *un poco cres.*

fair that the tem-pest had bow'd, And the stream leaps a-long like a child in its play, And the

*molto leggiero.* *cres.*

*f e rit.* *a tempo.* *p.*

sky is so blue where the clouds break a-way, and the sky is so blue where the clouds break a-

*f* *sf* *rall.*

way, where the clouds..... break a - way, where the clouds break a -

*f* *p*

*a tempo.* *S. & A.* *rall.* *Tempo 1mo.* *D. S.*

way. Ah!.....

*a tempo.* *rall.* *p*

*2d time.* *2nd VOICE.* *Un poco meno mosso. con espress.* *p*

When the cloud of a sor - row is

*rall.* *p* *cres.*

## AFTER THE RAIN.

*f* *p* *animando.*

pass - ing a - way, And when hope lights her bow from the dawn of a ray, From a

*f* *p* *animando.*

*cres.* *f rit.*

ray that is joy on our tears as they cease, And the heart shines at rest in the

*cres.* *f rit.*

*a tempo.* *p*

rap - ture of peace, And the heart shines at rest in the rap - ture of peace, In the

*p* *a tempo.*

*f* *con espress.* *un poco rall.*

rap - - - ture of peace, in the rap - - - ture of

*sf*

*a tempo.* *f* *S. & A.* *rall.* *Tempo 1mo.* *D. S.*

peace. Ah!.....

*a tempo.* *rall.* *p*

*D. S. & al Fine*

# FLOWERS OF SPRING.

99

BRAHMS, Arr.  
For 8 Voices.

1. Sweet - ly  
2. Red - der

The first system of the musical score. It features three staves: two vocal staves at the top and a piano accompaniment staff at the bottom. The vocal staves are in 3/4 time and contain whole rests. The piano accompaniment is in 3/4 time and begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a dynamic marking of *mf*. It consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of the musical score. It features three staves: two vocal staves at the top and a piano accompaniment staff at the bottom. The vocal staves contain the lyrics: "sounds the bird-ling's song, When my dear - est an - - gel, She for bloom the buds of spring, Green - er seem the bow - - ers, When, with". The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

*D. S.*

The third system of the musical score. It features three staves: two vocal staves at the top and a piano accompaniment staff at the bottom. The vocal staves contain the lyrics: "whom my heart doth long, Roams... the for - est shad - ows. ten - - der thoughts my child Gath - - ers fra - grant flow - ers." The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The system ends with a double bar line and a *D. S.* marking.

## FLOWERS OF SPRING.

But for her were all things dead, Leaf and flow - er fad - ed,

The first system of the musical score for 'Flowers of Spring'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are 'But for her were all things dead, Leaf and flow - er fad - ed,'. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include a piano (p) marking and crescendo/decrescendo hairpins.

And the glow of evening's red Dark-ly seem o'er-shaded.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'And the glow of evening's red Dark-ly seem o'er-shaded.' The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include piano (p) markings and hairpins.

Fair - est child, my heart is thine, Nev - er, nev - er leave... me, Bloom with-

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'Fair - est child, my heart is thine, Nev - er, nev - er leave... me, Bloom with-'. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note pattern in the right hand. Dynamics include piano (p) markings and hairpins.

in this life of mine Like..... the flow'rs of spring-time, Like the

The first system of the musical score for 'Flowers of Spring'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'in this life of mine' and continues with 'Like..... the flow'rs of spring-time, Like the'. The piano accompaniment features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various chords and arpeggios.

flow'rs ... of spring - - - time.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'flow'rs ... of spring - - - time.' and ends with two 'x' marks. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure, ending with a final chord.

*rit.*

The third system of the musical score. It begins with the marking '*rit.*' (ritardando). The vocal line and piano accompaniment both feature a more complex, flowing melody with many beamed notes and trills. The system concludes with a final, sustained chord in both parts.

## THE TWO GRENADIERS.

FOR ONE OR TWO VOICES.

HEINE.

R. SCHUMANN.

*Moderato.**mf*

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, and then a half note F#4. The piano accompaniment starts with a half note G3, followed by a half note F#3, and then a half note E3. The lyrics "To France were re-turn-ing two gren-a -" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a "Ped." (pedal) marking and a "mf" (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking.

To France were re-turn-ing two gren-a -

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D4, followed by a half note C#4, and then a half note B3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by a half note F#3, and then a half note E3. The lyrics "diers, In Rus-sia had they been ta-ken, And" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a "p" (piano) dynamic marking.

diers, In Rus-sia had they been ta-ken, And

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note A3, followed by a half note G3, and then a half note F#3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by a half note F#3, and then a half note E3. The lyrics "when they came to the Ger-man fron-tier, Their cour-age was sad-ly" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a "p" (piano) dynamic marking.

when they came to the Ger-man fron-tier, Their cour-age was sad-ly

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note D4, followed by a half note C#4, and then a half note B3. The piano accompaniment continues with a half note G3, followed by a half note F#3, and then a half note E3. The lyrics "sha-ken. 'Twas there that they both heard the sor-row-ful tale, Tha" are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a "p" (piano) dynamic marking.

sha-ken. 'Twas there that they both heard the sor-row-ful tale, Tha

# THE TWO GRENADIERS.

103

France's proud realm had been sha - ken, De - feat - ed and scatter'd the val - i - ant host, And the

The first system of the musical score for 'The Two Grenadiers'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'France's proud realm had been sha - ken, De - feat - ed and scatter'd the val - i - ant host, And the'.

Em-p'ror, the Em-p'ror been ta - ken. How

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Em-p'ror, the Em-p'ror been ta - ken. How'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'Em-p'ror, the Em-p'ror been ta - ken. How'.

bit - ter - ly wept then the gren - a - diers, At hear - ing the ter - ri - ble

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'bit - ter - ly wept then the gren - a - diers, At hear - ing the ter - ri - ble'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'f' (forte) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'bit - ter - ly wept then the gren - a - diers, At hear - ing the ter - ri - ble'.

sto - ry; And one then said: "A - las, once more My wounds are bleed - ing and

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'sto - ry; And one then said: "A - las, once more My wounds are bleed - ing and'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking. The lyrics are: 'sto - ry; And one then said: "A - las, once more My wounds are bleed - ing and'.



## THE TWO GRENADIERS.

go - ry." The oth - er said: "My sun is set, With thee I would die

The first system of the musical score for 'The Two Grenadiers'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: 'go - ry." The oth - er said: "My sun is set, With thee I would die'.

glad - ly, But I've a wife and child at home, With - out me they'd fare

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'glad - ly, But I've a wife and child at home, With - out me they'd fare'.

*(Excitedly.)* *mf* bad - ly." "What matters my wife, what matters my child, A

The third system of the musical score. It begins with the instruction *(Excitedly.)* and the dynamic marking *mf*. The lyrics are: 'bad - ly." "What matters my wife, what matters my child, A'.

*(Legato. With feeling.)* *(mf With emphasis.)* heav - i - er care has a - ris - en; Let them beg or pray, when they hungry are, My

The fourth system of the musical score. It contains two performance instructions: *(Legato. With feeling.)* and *(mf With emphasis.)*. The lyrics are: 'heav - i - er care has a - ris - en; Let them beg or pray, when they hungry are, My'.

# THE TWO GRENADIERS.

105

*(Legato. With feeling.)* *p* *agitato poco a poco.*

Em - pe - rors sighs in a pris - on. Oh, grant me, broth - er, but one

*p* *agitato poco a poco.*

prayer, If my hours I now must num - ber, Take

with thee my corpse to my na - tive land, In France let me peace - ful - ly

*p*

*Più mosso. (Rather faster.)*

slum - ber. My le - - gion's cross with ribbon red, *Più mosso.* My le - - gion's cross with rib - bon

## 1 E 1 /O GRENADIE

Then on my bo - som place thou, Give me my mus-ket in my  
red, Then on my bo - som place thou, Give

hand, My sword a-round me brace thou Thus  
me my mus-ket in my hand, My sword up-on me brace,

*(Grandioso. Rather slower. In march rhythm.)*

will I lis - ten and lie so still And watch like a guard o'er the

forc - es; Un - til the roar - ing of can - non I hear, And

# THE TWO GRENADIERS.

107

rampling of neighing hors - es. Then o - ver my grave will my Em - per-or ride, While

*sf*

swords gleam bright-ly and rat - tle, While swords gleam brightly and rat - tle, Then

arm'd to the teeth will I rise from the grave, For my Em - p'ror, my Em - p'ror to

*rit.*

*f*

*rit.*

bat - tle.

*Adagio.*

## GREETING.

MENDELSSOHN.

*Con moto.*

1. Wher-e'er my steps may  
2. I from the gar - - den

*Con moto.*  
*p*

wan - der, Thro' wood and mead-ow fair, I gaze with deep e -  
gath - er Sweet flow - ers bright and fine, And in - to gar - lands

mo - tion, O'er hill,..... and vale, and o - cean,..... Greet - ing thee ev - 'ry -  
wind them, With pleas - ant tho'ts I bind them, And greet - ings in - ter -

And

# GREETING.

109

where, Greet-ing thee ev-'ry - where, Thee,..... greet-ing ev - 'ry-  
twine, Greet - ings in - ter - twine, Thon - sand greet-ings in - ter-

Greet-ing thee ev-'ry - where, ev - - 'ry - - where,  
Greet - ings in - ter - twine, in - - ter - - twine,

where.  
twine.

3. To thee I dare not

give them, E'en that might give thee pain; They soon a - gain must

per - ish, They soon a - gain must per - ish, The love I may not

The first system of the musical score. It consists of two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major and 4/4 time, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "per - ish, They soon a - gain must per - ish, The love I may not".

cher - ish, Must yet in the heart re - main,..... Must yet in the heart re -

Must yet in the heart re - main, re - -

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal staves have lyrics: "cher - ish, Must yet in the heart re - main,..... Must yet in the heart re -" and "Must yet in the heart re - main, re - -". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *sf* (sforzando).

main, Must in the heart re - main, Must in the heart re - main.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal staves have lyrics: "main, Must in the heart re - main, Must in the heart re - main." The piano accompaniment continues. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *sf* (sforzando). The system ends with a double bar line.

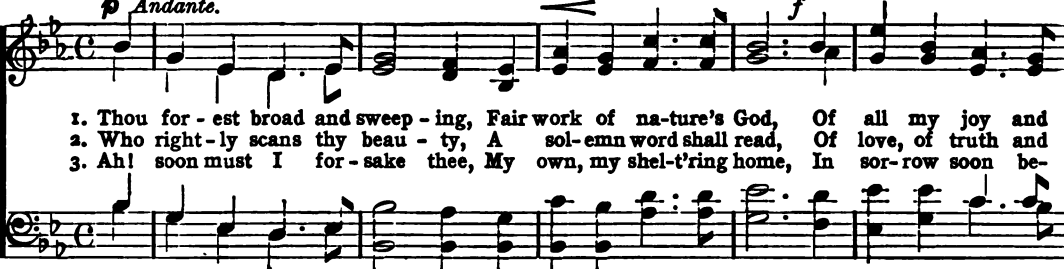
# FAREWELL TO THE FOREST.

111

(Upper three voices may be sung as a 3-part song, with bass optional.)

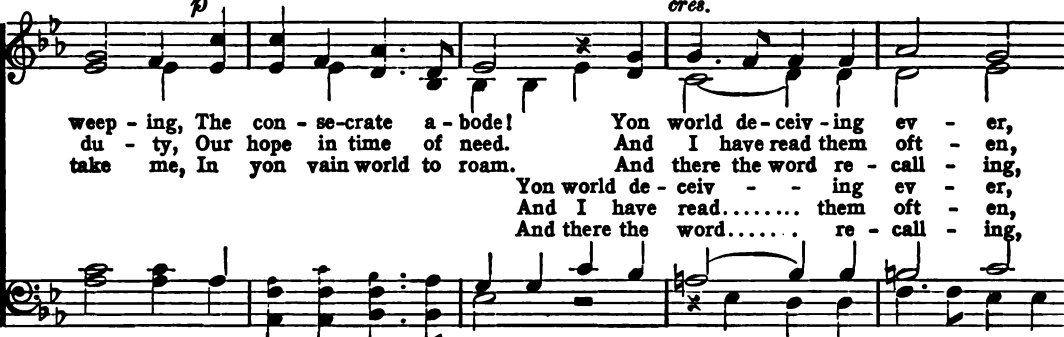
MENDELSSOHN, arr.

*p Andante.*



1. Thou for - est broad and sweep - ing, Fair work of na - ture's God, Of all my joy and  
2. Who right - ly scans thy beau - ty, A sol - emn word shall read, Of love, of truth and  
3. Ah! soon must I for - sake thee, My own, my shel - t'ring home, In sor - row soon be -

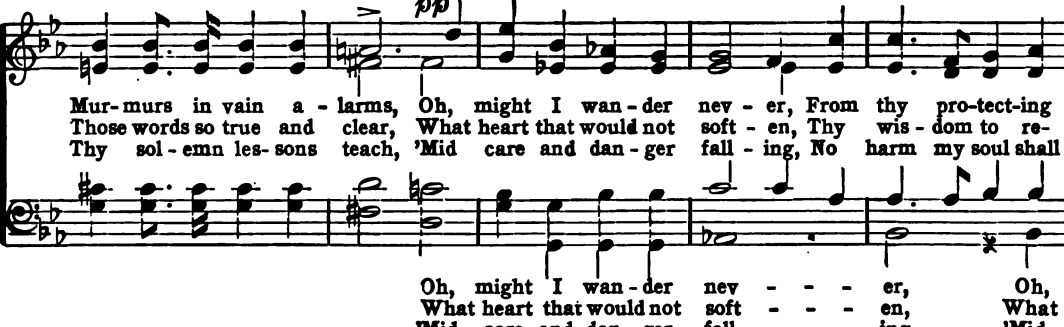
*p* *cres.*



weep - ing, The con - se - crate a - bode! Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,  
du - ty, Our hope in time of need. And I have read them oft - en,  
take me, In yon vain world to roam. And there the word re - call - ing,  
Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,  
And I have read them oft - en,  
And there the word..... re - call - ing,

Yon world de - ceiv - ing ev - er,  
And I have read them oft - en,  
And there the word re - call - ing,

*pp*

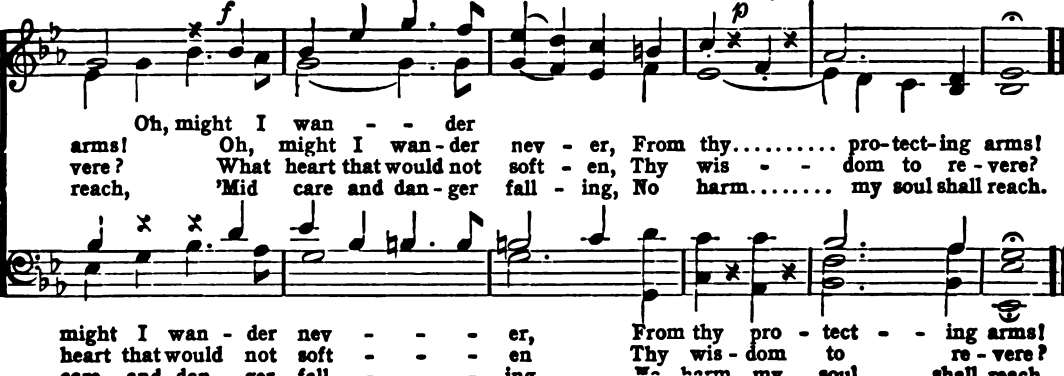


Mur - murs in vain a - larms, Oh, might I wan - der nev - er, From thy pro - tect - ing  
Those words so true and clear, What heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - dom to re -  
Thy sol - emn les - sons teach, 'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm my soul shall

Oh, might I wan - der nev - - - er, Oh,  
What heart that would not soft - - - en, What  
'Mid care and dan - ger fall - - - ing, 'Mid

From thy pro - tect - - - ing arms!  
Thy wis - dom to re - vere?  
*dim.* No harm my soul shall reach.

*f* *p*



Oh, might I wan - - - der arms! Oh, might I wan - der nev - er, From thy..... pro - tect - ing arms!  
vere? What heart that would not soft - en, Thy wis - - - dom to re - vere?  
reach, 'Mid care and dan - ger fall - ing, No harm..... my soul shall reach.

might I wan - der nev - - - er, From thy pro - tect - - - ing arms!  
heart that would not soft - - - en Thy wis - dom to re - vere?  
care and dan - ger fall - - - ing, No harm my soul shall reach.



# THE MAYBELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

MENDELSSOHN.

*Allegro vivace.*

Young May - bells ring through-out the vale, And sound so sweet and clear; The

dance be - gins, ye flow - ers all, Come with a mer - ry cheer, come

*Ped.* \*

with a mer - ry cheer. *p* The flow - ers, red, and white, and blue,

*Ped.* \*

Mer - ri - ly flock a - round, For - get - me - not of heav'n - ly hue, And

*ritard.* vio - lets too, a - bound, *a tempo.* For - get - me - not of heav'n - ly hue, And

# THE MAYBELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

113

*a - bound,..... dim. ritard.*

vio-lets too, a-bound, For-get-me-not of heav'nly hue, And vio-lets too, a-bound.

*a tempo.*

Young May-bells play a spright-ly tune, And all be-gin to dance, While

o'er them smiles the gen-tle moon With soft and sil-v'ry glance, with

*Ped. \**

soft and sil-v'ry glance. This Mas-ter Frost of-fend-ed sore, He

*cres. Ped. \**

*pp*

in the vale ap-pear'd; Young May-bells ring the dance no more, Gone are the flow-ers

*pp*

## THE MAY BELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

sear'd, Gone are the flow - ers sear'd, gone are the flow - ers sear'd, the

*pp*

flow - ers sear'd. *cres.*

*pp*

*f*

But But frost has scarce - ly tak - en flight, When well-known sounds we

hear; The May - bells with re - new'd de - light Are ring - ing doub - ly

clear, are ring - ing doub - ly clear. .... Now

*Ped.* *p* \*

# THE MAYBELLS AND THE FLOWERS.

115

I no more can stay at home, The May - bells call me too, The

flow - ers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go, The

*ritard.* *a tempo.*  
flow - ers to the dance all roam, Then why should I not go,..... The

*ritard.* *a tempo.* *p*

..... then why should I not go,.....  
flow - ers to the dance all roam, to dance all roam, the flow - ers to the

.....  
dance all roam, then why should I not go.....  
*cres.* *f*

## YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

PONIATOWSKI.  
1, 2, 3 or 4 voices.*Allegretto gioioso.*

1. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, I love the song, For it  
2. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed, hie on, For the

is my wed - ding morn - ing, And the bride so gay in fine ar -  
church will soon be fill - ing, They must not wait, they must not

ray, For the day will be now a - dorn - - - ing.  
wait, For were we late, they'd deem the groom un - will - - - ing.

*con brio.*  
Tho' I've lit - tle wealth but sov - 'reign health,.... And am....  
The sun.... is.... high in morn - ing sky,..... And the lark o'er our

but a yeo-man free,..... When heart joins hand, there's none in the  
heads doth.. sing,..... A bri - dal song as we gal - lop a -

# YEOMAN'S WEDDING SONG.

117

land Can be rich - er in joys than.. we. Ding dong, ding  
long, Keep - ing time to the bells as they ring. Ding dong, ding

dong, we'll gal - lop a - long. All fears and doubt - ing scorn - ing, Ding

dong, we'll gal - lop a - long, All fears and doubt - ing scorn - ing;

Thro' the val - ley we'll haste, for we've no time to waste, As this

*Solenne.* *1st time.* *2d time.*  
is my wed - ding morn - - - ing. wed - ding morn - - - ing.

## THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

CHOPIN, arr.  
For 1 or 2 voices.

The piano introduction consists of two staves in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The right hand features a series of six trills (tr) on the notes G4, A4, Bb4, C5, Bb4, and A4, each followed by a quarter note. The left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes: G3-Bb3, A3-Bb3, C4-Bb3, and Bb3-A3.

*Gracefully.*

The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

1. Were I the sun, so high in heav - en soar - ing,  
2. Were I a bird - ling high in heav - en sing - ing,

FINE.

The piano accompaniment for the first system includes a trill (tr) on G4 in the right hand and a half note G3 in the left hand. It concludes with a piano (p) dynamic marking and a crescendo (cres.) leading into the next system.

The vocal line continues with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

On - ly on thee should my friendly rays be pour-ing. Not on the for - est green,  
Joy to thy heart should my song be ev - er bring-ing. Not in the for - est green,

The piano accompaniment for the second system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking and continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

The vocal line begins with a half note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note Bb4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern.

Not on } the fields se-rene, But in the lit-tle win-dow; { There would I all my  
Not in } se - rene..... { Were I a bird - ling,

The piano accompaniment for the third system includes a forte (sf) dynamic marking and concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

# THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

119

friend-ly rays be pour - ing, Were I the sun so high in heav - en soar-ing.  
there would I be sing - ing, Joy to thy heart my songs should e'er be bring-ing.

# THE WILD ROSE.

GOETHE.

*Sweetly.*

FR. SCHUBERT.

For 1 or 2 voices.

1. Spied a boy a rose-bud rare, Rose-bud of the wild-wood, Fresh as dew and  
2. Said the boy: "I'll gath-er thee," Rose-bud of the wild-wood; Cried the rose: "My  
3. Heed-less - ly the bud he gained, Rose-bud of the wild-wood, Quick she stings, but

pass - ing fair, Swift he ran to see it there; Danc-ing up so joy - ous - ly.  
thorns thou'lt see If thou dar'st to in - jure me I will nev - er bend to thee!"  
all in vain, Use-less all her cries of pain, Yields at last so scorn - ful - ly,

*rit.* *a tempo.*  
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose - bud red, Rose-bud of the wild - wood.  
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose - bud red, Rose-bud of the wild - wood.  
Rose-bud, rose-bud, rose - bud red, Rose-bud of the wild - wood.



## THOU'RT LIKE A TENDER FLOWER.

(UNISON OR THREE VOICES.)

HEINE.

LISZT, arr.

*p* " *p* *p*

Thou'rt like a ten-der

*pp*

flow - er, So pure, so fair to see; I...

look on thee, and long - - ing Comes o'er my heart for thee.

# THOU'RT LIKE A TENDER FLOWER.

121

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "I would that my hands on thy". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with a *dolcis.* marking above the first few measures.

*dolcis.*

I would that my hands on thy

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "fore - - head, Might lie in si - lent prayer;". The piano accompaniment includes a *cres.* marking above the vocal line and a *p.* marking below the piano part.

*cres.*

fore - - head, Might lie in si - lent prayer;

*p.*

The third system concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "That God may for - ev - er Keep thee so sweet, so". The piano accompaniment features a *rit.* marking above the vocal line, a *smorz.* marking above the piano part, and a *pp* marking below the piano part.

*rit.* *smorz.*

That God may for - ev - er Keep thee so sweet, so

*pp*

## THOU'RT LIKE A TENDER FLOWER.

dim.

pure,..... so fair.

pure, so fair.

dim. pp ppp

This musical score is for the song 'THOU'RT LIKE A TENDER FLOWER.' It features a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part includes chords and single notes, with dynamic markings 'dim.', 'pp', and 'ppp' indicating a gradual decrease in volume. The lyrics are 'pure,..... so fair.' and 'pure, so fair.'

## YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

FRANK R. RIX.

*f* *Unison.*

*f* *fz*

1. Your flag and my flag, And how it flies to -  
 2. Your flag and my flag, And oh, how much it  
 3. Your flag and my flag, To ev - 'ry star and

This musical score is for the song 'YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.' It is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score includes a vocal melody in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The piano part features chords and single notes, with dynamic markings 'f' (forte) and 'fz' (forzando). The lyrics are: '1. Your flag and my flag, And how it flies to -', '2. Your flag and my flag, And oh, how much it', and '3. Your flag and my flag, To ev - 'ry star and'.

day, In your land and my land And half the world a - way;  
 holds; 'Tis your land and my land Se - cure with-in its folds!  
 stripe The drums beat, as hearts beat, And pi - pers shril - ly pipe.

This block contains the continuation of the musical score for 'YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.' It includes the vocal melody in treble clef and the piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are: 'day, In your land and my land And half the world a - way;', 'holds; 'Tis your land and my land Se - cure with-in its folds!', and 'stripe The drums beat, as hearts beat, And pi - pers shril - ly pipe.'

# YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

123

*Parts ad lib.*

Rose - red and blood - red Its stripes for - ev - er gleam,..... Snow - white and  
Your heart and my heart Beat quick - er at the sight;..... Sun - kissed and  
Your flag and my flag, A bless - ing in the sky;..... Your hope and

soul - white, The good fore - fa - thers dream. Sky - blue and true - blue,  
wind - tossed, The Red and Blue and White. One flag, the great flag,  
my hope, It nev - er hides a lie. Home - land and far land,

With stars to shine a - right; The glo - ried gui - don of the day,  
The flag for me and you. 'Tis glo - ri - fied, all else be - side,  
And half the world a - round, Old Glo - ry hears our great sa - lute,

*Maestoso.*

A shel - ter through the night.  
The Red and White and Blue.  
And flut - ters at the sound. A - - - - - men.....

# LULLABY OF LIFE.

**S. J. STONE.**

**HENRY LESLIE.**

**Art. for 1 or 4 Voices.**

*mf Allegretto non troppo.*

*mf Allegretto non troppo.*

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the upper staff, and the voice part is in the lower staff. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'mf Allegretto non troppo.' The piano part features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The voice part has two verses of lyrics. The first verse is '1. Sleep, lit - tle flow - er,..... whose pet - als fade and fall O'er the' and the second is '2. Sleep, sum - mer wind,..... whose breathing grows more faint As night draws'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, including a prominent D major chord at the end of the first line.

1. Sleep, lit - tle flow - er,..... whose pet - als fade and fall O'er the  
2. Sleep, sum - mer wind,..... whose breathing grows more faint As night draws  
whose breathing grows

# LULLABY OF LIFE.

125

sun; Hush the loud mu-sic of thy war-ring waves Till night is

*piu lento dim.* *ppp*  
done;..... Sleep, sleep, sleep. Sleep, thou tir-ed heart,.....

..... whose mountain puls-es droop With-in the val-ley cold: On

pain and pleas-ures, fears and hopes of life; Let..... go thine

*ppp*  
hold..... Sleep, sleep, sleep,..... sleep.....

## LULLABY OF LIFE.

*p Adagio non troppo. cres.*

Sleep, for 'tis on - ly sleep, and there shall be.....  
 For 'tis on - ly sleep, and there shall be.....  
 Sleep, for 'tis on - ly sleep, and there shall be

*p*

Sleep,..... for 'tis on - - ly sleep, and there..... shall.....

*f*

new..... life..... for all at day,..... So sleep,..... all.....  
 new..... life..... for all for all at day, So sleep,..... all.....  
 new..... life..... for all at day,..... So sleep,..... all.....

..... be..... new life for all at day.....

*dim.*

sleep,..... all,.... un - til..... the rest - - - - ful night has

So sleep un - til the rest - ful night has

*p* *pp*

passed.... a - way,..... passed a - way. Sleep, Sleep, Sleep,  
 passed,..... passed a - way. *dim.*

*dim.* *ppp*

sleep, sleep, sleep,..... sleep.....

sleep,..... sleep,.....

# REQUEST.

127

ROBERT FRANZ  
Arr. for 1 or 2 Voices.

*Larghetto sostenuto.*

*p*

Gaze on me with eyes of dream-ing, Weave thy spell of mag - ic light,

*p legato.*

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto sostenuto.' The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Gaze on me with eyes of dream-ing, Weave thy spell of mag - ic light,'. The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (p) dynamic and a 'legato' marking. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

*p*

Stead - fast, gen - tle stars of ev - 'ning From thy home of a - zure night.

*p*

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are 'Stead - fast, gen - tle stars of ev - 'ning From thy home of a - zure night.' The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

*p*

At thy shin - ing thro' the dark - ness, All my sad - ness fades a - - way,

*p*

*Ped. \**

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The lyrics are 'At thy shin - ing thro' the dark - ness, All my sad - ness fades a - - way,'. The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (p) dynamic. The system ends with a double bar line, a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking, and an asterisk (\*).

*dim.*

Thoughts of God's e - ter - nal good-ness Hold my soul with - in their sway.

*p*

*dim.*

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line starts with a piano (p) dynamic and a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The lyrics are 'Thoughts of God's e - ter - nal good-ness Hold my soul with - in their sway.' The piano accompaniment also starts with a piano (p) dynamic and a 'dim.' marking. The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



## THOU ART MY PEACE.

SCHUBERT.

Arr. for 1, 3 or 4 Voices.

O Thou, my peace, be ev - er near; My ref - uge in the time of  
Send ev - 'ry grief far from my heart, Make it a - new in ev - 'ry

fear; Thou art my all in days of woe, Life, love and joy  
part; Close fast its gates 'gainst ev - 'ry sin,

of all be - low,..... of all be - low..... That Thou a - lone.....

may'st dwell there - in,..... may'st dwell there - in,..... Thy ra-diance shin - eth

Ev - 'ry - where, Il - lume my soul,..... Oh, en - ter

# THOU ART MY PEACE.

129

there, oh, en - ter there. there, Oh, en - ter there, oh, en - ter there.

# FIRELIGHT.

ARTHUR HENRY.

RUBINSTEIN, Arr.  
Unison or 3 Voices.

1. Safe from the  
2. Watch - ing the

win - ters's night, Safe from the com - ing storm, Here in the fire - light  
sparks that fly, Watch - ing the shad - ows play, Hear - ing the wind howl by,

I am all snug and warm; Lit - tle Fox is in his hole, Lit - tle Wolf is  
Here is my place to stay; Peo - ple come from Fair - y land See them from the

in his lair, And I,— and I am safe In my grandpa's chair.  
shad - ows leap, A - way,— a - way I go To the land of sleep.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

chas - ing the wild deer, and fol - l'wing the roe, My heart's in the high - lands,.....  
A - chas-ing

Where - ev - er I go.  
high - lands, the high - lands,

Fare-well to the high - lands, fare-well to the north, The birth - place of val - or, the  
Fare-well to the moun - tains high cov - ered with snow; Fare-well to the straths and green

*cres.* *f* *cres.* *mf* *p* *mf*

*p*

In the days ad - vanc - ing, In the days ad - vanc - - ing.

## THE PRAISE OF TEARS.

FR. SCHUBERT.  
Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. All the long - ing, all the sad - ness We are fat - ed e'er to know, Float in  
2. When the wet eye sad - ly glist - ens With the mel - an - chol - y tear, Then the

tear - drops, al - ways flow - ing In our lit - tle world be - low. If the  
watch - er sees re - flect - ed Col - ors heav'n - ly bright and clear. How it

soul de - sir - eth pleas - ure Oth - er than the world can give, Tears will pass the i - cy  
calms each ris - ing pass - ion, Bids its poignant an - guish cease, And, as rain re - vives the

bar - rier, Help in oth - er world to live, Help in oth - er world to live.  
flow - ers, Gives the soul its longed - for peace, Gives the soul its longed - for peace.

## HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

FR. SCHUBERT, Arr.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*p Allegretto.*

Hark! hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise, His

steeds to wa - ter at those springs, On chal - iced flow'rs that lies, On

chal - iced flow'rs that lies. And wink - ing Ma - ry - buds be - gin To

ope their gold - en eyes; With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My

la - dy sweet, a - rise, With ev - 'ry thing that pret - ty is, My

la - dy sweet, a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a -

# HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

133

rise, a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a - rise.

# THE LINDEN TREE.

MULLER, Tr.

FR. SCHUBERT.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Andante.*

1. The Lin - den by the door - way O'er hangs the flow - ing stream, I've  
2. The day I wan - dered home - less, I passed thee long - ing by, With  
3. The cold night breeze was blow - ing, And on its blust'rous tide My

dream'd be - neath its shadows So many a hap - py dream. I've carved up - on its  
eyes, e'en in the darkness Fast closed, I knew not why; But still thy leaves were  
hat flew far be - hind me— I dared not turn a - side. Now many a mile I'm

branch - es, When there I thought - less strayed; And oft in joy and  
rust - ling As if they called me, "come, Come back, be - loved com -  
part - ed From all that then were dear, But still can hear that

sor - row Found ref - uge 'neath its shade, Found ref - uge 'neath its shade.  
pan - ion, Here shalt thou find thy home, Here shalt thou find thy home."  
rust - ling, "No home thou'lt find but here, No home thou'lt find but here."

## A FAIR FLOWER.

HERMES, Arr.  
Arr. for 3 or 4 Voices.

*p Andante.*

1. Far from the noise of dust - y street A state - ly lil - y bloomed so sweet  
2. An - oth - er love - ly flow'r I know, To me so dain - ty, sweet and fair,

*p*

That all who saw its beau - ty rare Rejoiced to find its fra - grance there;  
With ro - sy face and heaven - ly glow, That lil - ies nev - er can com - pare;

*pp mf p rit.*

So tall and grace - ful then it stood It seemed a prin - cess fair and good.  
And so she ev - er shall re - main The prin - cess of my heart's do - main.

*p a tempo.*

O flow - er sweet, O lil - y rare, I fain would greet thy pres - ence there;  
O child so dear, O flow - er sweet, Thy love - ly form I ev - er greet;

*pp mf*

O flower sweet, O lil - y rare, I fain would greet thy pres - ence there.  
O child so dear, O flower sweet, Thy love - ly form I ev - er greet.

O flower sweet, O lil - y rare, I fain would greet thee there, would greet thee there.  
O child so dear, O flower sweet, Thy lovely form I greet, I ev - er greet.

# MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

ROBERT BURNS.

JENSON, Arr.  
Unison or Three-Part Song.

*Allegro risoluto.*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Allegro risoluto' and the dynamics start with a forte 'f'.

The first system of the song features two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts enter with a melody of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes. Dynamics include 'mf' (mezzo-forte) for the vocal entry and 'p' (piano) for the piano accompaniment.

My heart's in the

The second system continues the song. The vocal parts have a line of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes. Dynamics include 'p' (piano), 'cres.' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), and 'mf' (mezzo-forte).

high-lands, My heart is not here: My heart's in the high-lands a - chas - ing the deer; A -



chas - ing the wild deer, and fol - l'wing the roe, My heart's in the high - lands,.....  
A - chas-ing the

high - lands, the high - lands, Wher-ev - er I go.

Fare-well to the high - lands, fare-well to the north, The birth - place of val - or, the  
Fare-well to the moun - tains high cov - ered with snow; Fare-well to the straths and green

# MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

187

*cres.* *f*

coun - try of worth; Wher - ev - er I wan - der, where - ev - er I rove,... The  
val - leys be - low; Fare - well to the for - ests and wild hanging woods, Fare -

*cres.* *f*

*mf* *cres.* *f*

hills of the high-lands for - ev - er I love, for - ev - er I love.  
well to the tor - rents and loud pouring floods, and loud pouring floods.

*ff* *mf* *ff*

*ff* *mf* *p*

*8va.*

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

*p* *mf* *rit.* *f*

My heart's in the high-lands, my heart is not here,..... My

*p* *mf* *rit.* *cres.* My heart's in the high-lands, My

*espress.* *cres.*

heart's in the high-lands a - chas - ing the deer.

*f* *mf* *p* *cres.*

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

First system of the musical score. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *cres.*. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include *f* and *mf*.

A - chas - ing the wild deer and foll' - wing the roe; My heart's in the

Second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "high-lands..... Wher-ev - er I go, wher - ev - er I go." Dynamics include *p* and *pp*. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar pattern, featuring dynamics *ff*, *p*, *mf*, and *pp*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

high-lands..... Wher-ev - er I go, wher - ev - er I go.

the high-lands, the high-lands,

# WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

(NORWEGIAN.)

BJÖRNSEN.

KJERULF. Arr.

For Unison or 3 Voices.

*Andante.*

1. A prin - cess sat up in her cas - tle high; A lad piped a  
 2. The prin - cess sat up in her loft - y bow'r, The song now was



3. The prin - cess looked out from her lat - tice high, Heard once more the



- song in the green mead - ows nigh. "Be still, pret - ty boy, pray have done with your  
 hush'd at the foot of the tow'r." Oh, play once a - gain, lit - tle boy, your sweet



- song in the green mead - ows nigh. But sad - ly she cried as the gloam-ing drew



# WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

141

lay, It bur - dens my thoughts Which would rove far a - way } As the  
lay, Call back my sad thoughts, For they fly far a - way }

nigh, "My heart is so heav - y I can - not tell why, As the

*cres.* *fz* *p dim. e rit.*

sun goes down."....

sua goes down."....

*After last Verse.*

## THE PRIMROSE.

J. PALMER. Tr.

EDV. GRIEG. Arr.  
Unison or Three-Part Song.

*p Allegretto.*

Come, take, thou child of love - ly Spring, This ten - der, bloom - ing flow - er, Nor

love it less that mer - ry June Its ros - es gay will show - er. The

Sum - mer has its wondrous charm, In Au - tumn hearts are light,..... But

# THE PRIMROSE.

148

*rit.* *pp*

Spring, the sweet-est time of all, With love and joy is bright..... For..... For.....

*a tempo.*

us, my child, the morn-ing light of joy-ous Spring is glow-ing, Then

*a tempo.*

*dim. e rit.* *p*

take the flow'r, and give to me Thy heart with love o'er-flow-ing.

*dim. piu rit.* *p*



# SPRING SONG.

Arr. from "Melody in F," RUBINSTEIN.

*Brightly.* **UNISON.**

1. Wel - come, sweet spring-time! We greet thee in song, Mur - murs of  
2. Wel - come, dear spring-time, What plea - sure is ours, Win - ter has

glad - ness fall on the ear,..... Voic - es long hushed now their full notes pro-long,....  
gone to far a - way climes,... Flow - ers are wait - ing for thee in the bowers,

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Ech - o - ing far and near. Sun - shine now wakes all the  
Long - ing to be thine own. Brook - lets are whis - p'ring as

flow - 'rets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the  
on - ward they flow, Songs of de - light at thy glad re -

air;..... Snow - drop and prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep,.....  
turn;..... Bound - less the wealth thou in love dost be - stow,.....

# SPRING SONG.

145.

*rit.* *a tempo.*

Hail - ing the glad new year. Balm - y and life - giv - ing  
 Ev - er with lav - ish hand. How na - ture loves thee, each

breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new vig - or be - stow - ing.  
 glad voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou art of the time of the ros - es.

*espress.* *p* *rall.*

Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As Earth's fair - est beau - ties a -

*p* *a tempo.*

gain meet my view. Sing, then, ye birds, raise your voic - es on high,

*rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.*

Flow - 'rets a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom; Spring-time is come, and sweet

*rall.* *largement.* *ad lib.*

sum - mer is nigh,..... Sing, then, ye birds, O sing.....

## IN ARAGON.

J. ARNOUD.  
For 2 Voices.

*Allegretto,* (BOLERO.) *marcato.*

1. { When in Ar - a - gon the glow-ing sun, When in Ar - a - gon the glow-ing sun Dips  
Then may tho't's of toil fly far a - way, Then may tho't's of toil fly far a - way, We

2. { List - en, where the leaf - y branch-es swing, List - en, where the leaf-y branch-es swing, The  
While the mu-sic and the laugh-ter sound, While the mus-ic and the laugh-ter sound, The

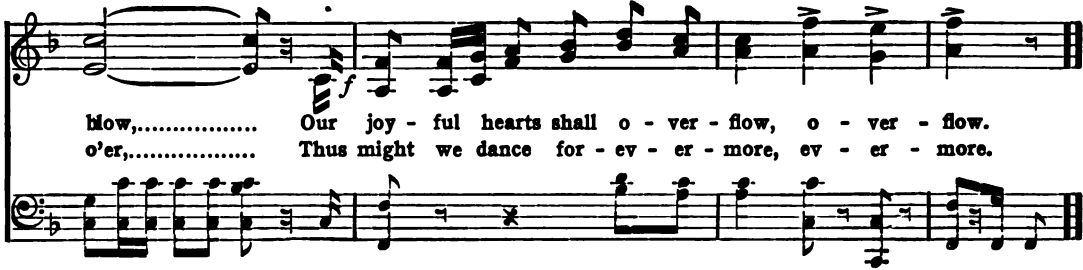
gen - tly down, dips gen - tly down, Dips gen - tly downward when the day is done; }  
meet a - gain, we meet a - gain, We meet a - gain with spir-its glad and gay. }  
tam - bourines, the tam-bour-ines, The tam - bour-ines in joy - ful ca - dence ring! }  
mer - ry crowd, the mer - ry crowd, The mer - ry crowd will gath-er fast a - round. }

Here then, 'neath the sun-set's crim-son glow, Yes, here then, 'neath the sun-set's crimson glow, While  
Let us dance up - on the grass - y floor, Come, let us dance up - on the grass-y floor, The

per - fumed winds a - round us blow,..... Where per - fumed winds a - round us  
mu - sic ring - ing o'er and o'er,..... The mu - sic ring - ing o'er and

# IN ARAGON.

147



Blow,..... Our joy - ful hearts shall o - ver - flow, o - ver - flow.  
o'er,..... Thus might we dance for - ev - er - more, ev - er - more.

## ODE TO JOY.

SCHILLER.

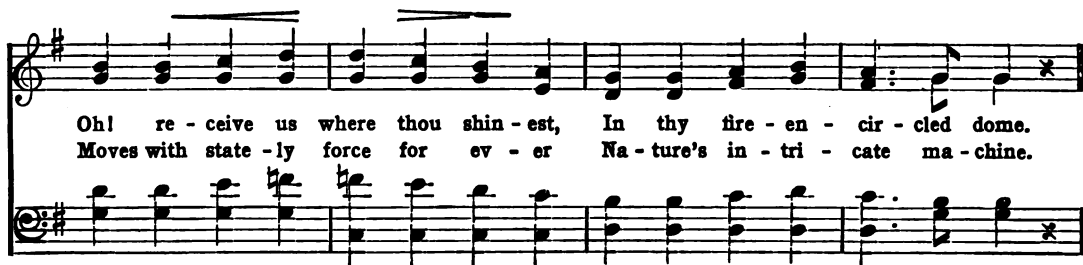
(NINTH SYMPHONY)

BEETHOVEN.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.



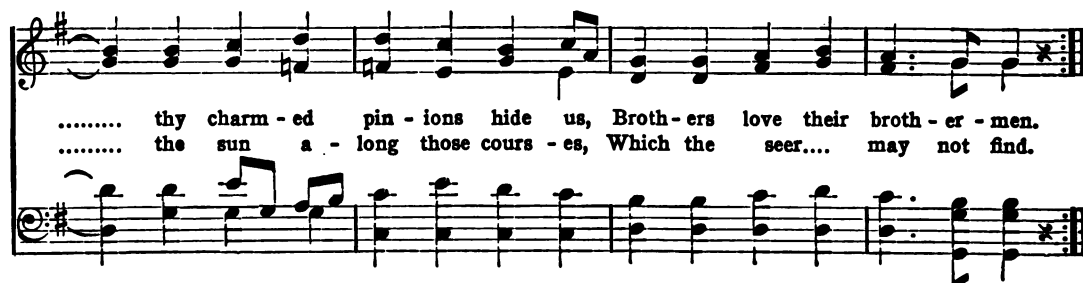
1. Hail, thee, joy! all hail di - vin - est Daugh-ter of E - ly - si - um,  
2. Joy! 'tis joy, the might-y lev - er Turns the wheel of life un - seen,



Oh! re - ceive us where thou shin - est, In thy fire - en - cir - cled dome.  
Moves with state - ly force for ev - er Na - ture's in - tri - cate ma - chine.



Bonds of cus - tom that di - vide us, At thy spell are burst a - gain, Where  
Draws the stream from hid - den sourc - es, Stirs the seed in earth con - fined, Rolls



..... thy charm - ed pin - ions hide us, Broth - ers love their broth - er - men.  
..... the sun a - long those cours - es, Which the seer.... may not find.

# MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

(CANZONET.)

HAYDN, Arr.

*Allegretto.*

1. My moth - er bids me bind my hair With  
2. 'Tis sad to think the days are gone, When

bands of ro - sy hue, Tie up my sleeves with  
those we lov'd were near; I sit up - on this

# MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

149

ri - bands rare, And lace my bod - dice blue, Tie up my  
moss - y stone, And sigh when none can hear, I alt up

*fz* *f*

sleeves with ri - bands rare, And lace, and lace my bod - dice blue.  
on this moss - y stone, And sigh, and sigh, when none can hear.

*fz*

For why, she cries, sit still and weep, While  
And while I spin my flax - en thread, And

*cres.*

## MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

oth - ers dance and play? A -  
sing my sim - ple lay; The

*p*

las I scarce can go or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, A -  
vil - lage seems a - sleep or dead. Now Lu - bin is a - way, The

*p*

las! I scarce can go or creep, While Lu - bin is a - way, while  
vil - lage seems a - sleep or dead, Now Lu - bin is a way, now

*p*

# MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

151

Lu - bin is a - way, is a - way, } is a - way.  
while } Lu - bin is a - way, }

*pp*

## WANDERING.

FR. SCHUBERT.

Arr. for 1, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*pp*

1. To wan - der is the mil - ler's joy, To wan - der, to wan - der.  
2. The wa - ter 'twas that taught us first, The wa - ter, the wa - ter.  
3. We learn it of the mill wheels too, The mill wheels, the mill wheels

*mf*

A worth - less mil - ler he must be Who nev - er wan - dered far and free,  
That day and night no rest hath known, But wan - d'reth ev - er on and on,  
They love not to be stand - ing still, But turn all day with right good will,

*p*

And wan - dered, and wan - dered, And wan - dered, and wan - dered.  
The wa - ter! the wa - ter! The wa - ter! the wa - ter!  
The mill wheels, the mill wheels, The mill wheels, the mill wheels.

4 The very stones for all their weight,  
The mill stones, the mill stones  
They dance along in merry mood,  
And would go quicker if they could,  
The mill stones, the mill stones.

5 To wander only is my joy,  
To wander, to wander;  
O master mine, and mistress dear,  
Bid me no longer linger here,  
But wander, but wander.



## THE HEAVENS PROCLAIM.

BEETHOVEN.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.

*f* The heav'ns pro - claim..... His praise with de - vo - tion; Their voice sounds forth for -

*p* *cres. poco a poco.* e'er the.... Lord! He's praised by earth, and praised by the o - cean; Re - ceive, O

*f* *ppx* *p* man, Their god - like word, Who holds in

*mf* *cres.* heav-en the my - ri - ad stars? Who leads the sun its path a -

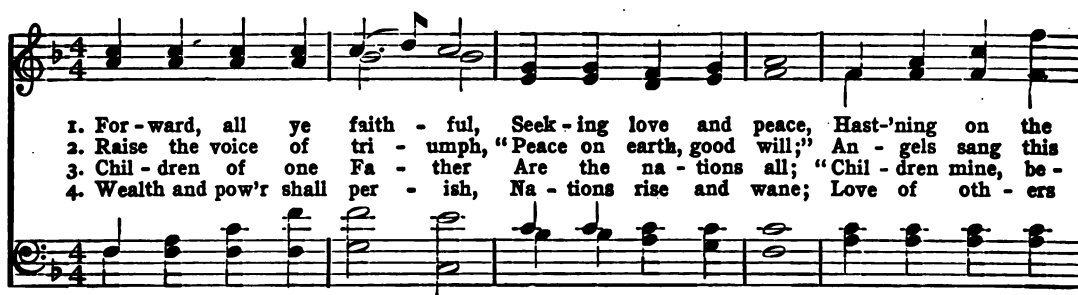
long? It comes all smil - ing and gleams from a - far.....

*f* *ff* And runs its course a he - ro strong, And runs its course a he - ro strong.

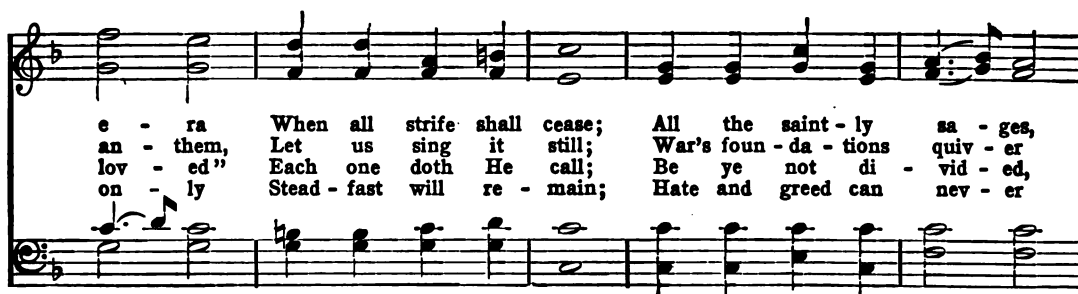
# THE SONG OF PEACE.

MARTIN K. SCHERMERHORN.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. For - ward, all ye faith - ful, Seek - ing love and peace, Hast - ning on the  
 2. Raise the voice of tri - umph, "Peace on earth, good will;" An - gels sang this  
 3. Chil - dren of one Fa - ther Are the na - tions all; "Chil - dren mine, be -  
 4. Wealth and pow'r shall per - ish, Na - tions rise and wane; Love of oth - ers



e - ra When all strife shall cease; All the saint - ly sa - ges,  
 an - them, Let us sing it still; War's foun - da - tions quiv - er  
 lov - ed" Each one doth He call; Be ye not di - vid - ed,  
 on - ly Stead - fast will re - main; Hate and greed can nev - er

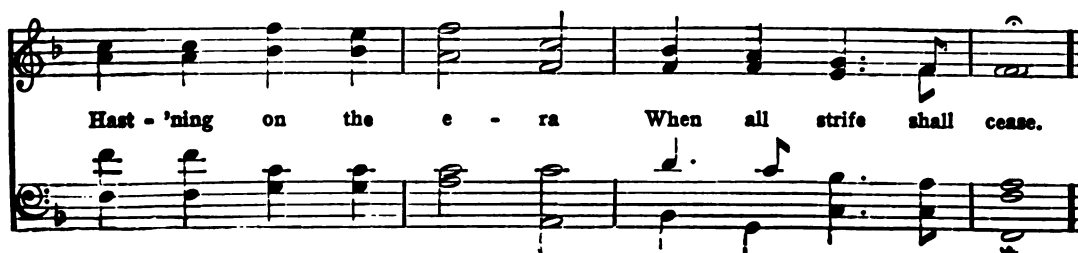


Lead us in the way, For - ward in their foot - steps, T'ward that per - fect day.  
 At this song of peace, — Broth - ers, let us sing it Till all strife shall cease.  
 All one fam - i - ly; One in mind and spir - it And in char - i - ty.  
 'Gainst this love pre - vail; It shall stand tri - um - phant When all else shall fail.

## Chorus.



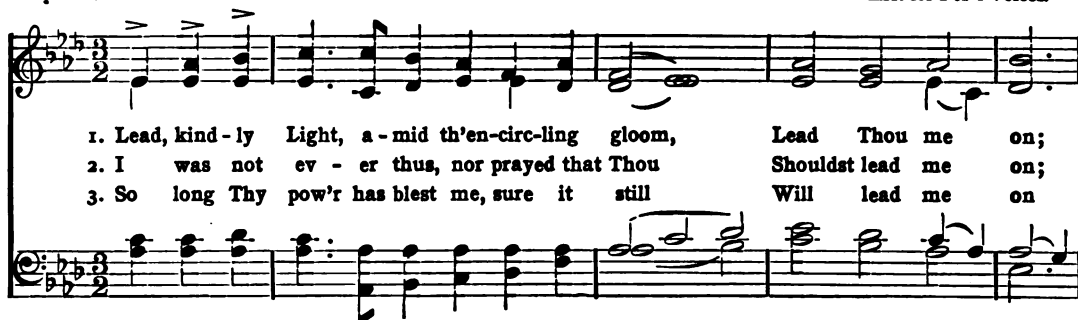
For - ward, all ye faith - ful, Seek - ing love and peace,



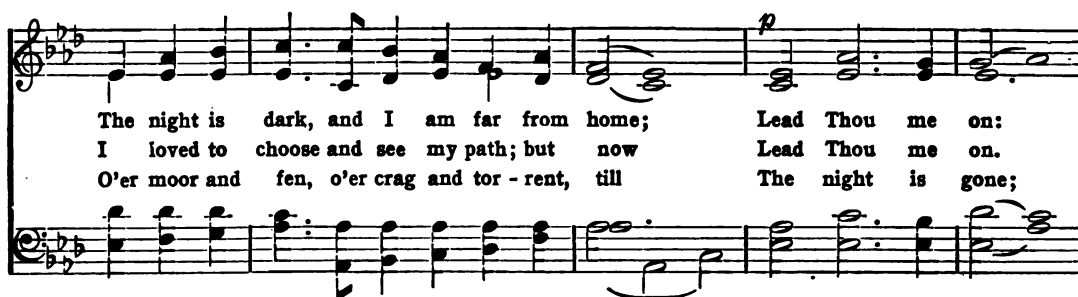
Hast - ning on the e - ra When all strife shall cease.

# LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

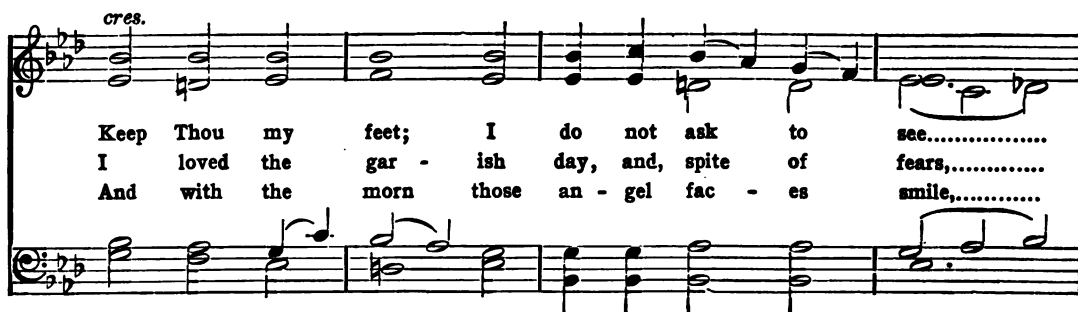
JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

- DYKES.  
Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circ-ling gloom,      Lead Thou me on;  
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou      Shouldst lead me on;  
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still      Will lead me on



The night is dark, and I am far from home;      Lead Thou me on:  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now      Lead Thou me on.  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till      The night is gone;



*cres.*  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....  
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears,.....  
And with the morn those an - gel fac - es smile,.....



The dis - tant scene, — one step e - nough.... for me.....  
Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not..... past years.....  
Which I have loved long since, and lost..... a - while.....

## WARD.

L. MASON.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices

1. My op'-ning eyes with rap - ture see The dawn of Thy re - turn - ing day;  
2. I yield my heart to Thee a - lone, Nor would re - ceive an - oth - er guest;

My tho'ts, O God, as - cend to Thee, While thus my ear - ly vows I pay.  
E - ter - nal King! e - rect Thy throne, And reign sole mon - arch in my breast.

## DENNIS.

DODDRIDGE.

NAGELI.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.

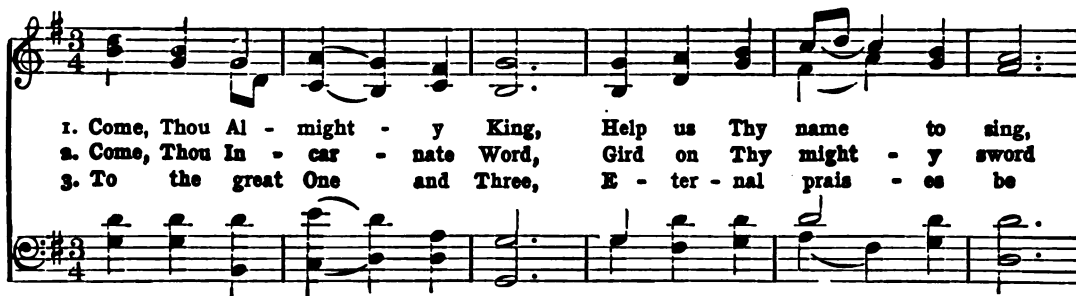
1. How gen - tle God's com-mands! How kind His pre - cepts are! Come,  
2. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day; I'll

cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.  
drop my bur - den at His feet, And bear a song a - way.

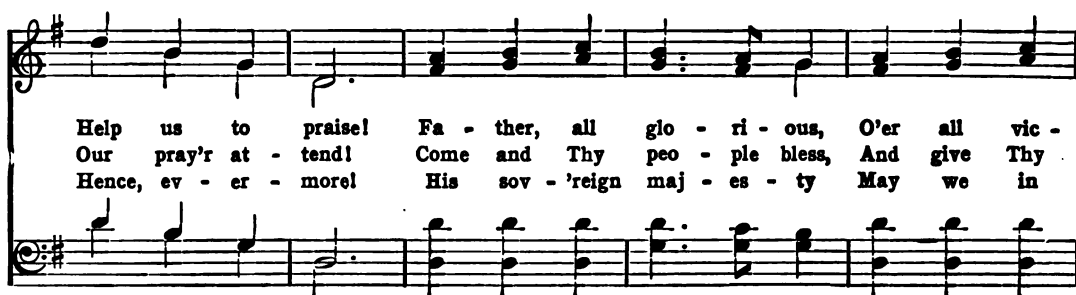
## ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Unison, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.



1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,  
 2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword  
 3. To the great One and Three, E - ter - nal prais - es be



Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -  
 Our pray'r at - tend! Come and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy  
 Hence, ev - er - more! His sov - 'reign maj - es - ty May we in



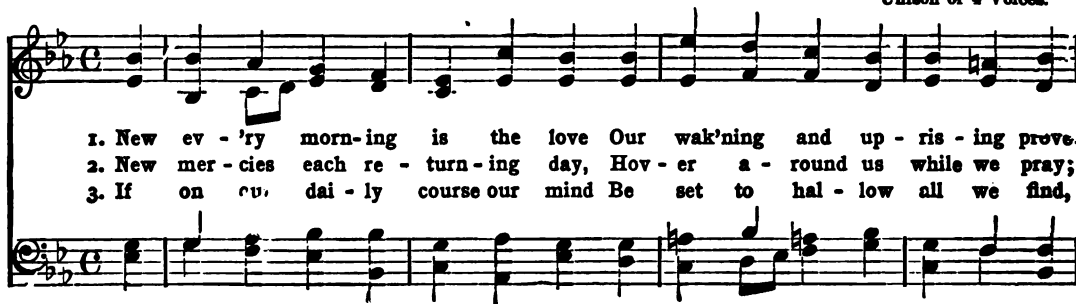
to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.  
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness On us de - scend.  
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

## NEW EVERY MORNING.

JOHN KEBLE.

WEBBE.

Unison or 4 Voices.



1. New ev - 'ry morn - ing is the love Our wak'ning and up - ris - ing prove.  
 2. New mer - cies each re - turn - ing day, Hov - er a - round us while we pray;  
 3. If on ev - dai - ly course our mind Be set to hal - low all we find,

Thro' sleep and dark-ness safe-ly bro't, Re-stor'd to life, and pow'r, and thought.  
 New per-ils past, new sins for-giv'n, New tho'ts of God, new hopes of heav'n.  
 New treas-ures still, of count-less price, God will pro-vide for sac-ri-fice.

## THESE THINGS SHALL BE!

(DUKE STREET.)

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

J. HATTON.  
Unison or 4 Voices.

1. These things shall be!— A loft-ier race Than e'er the  
 2. They shall be gen-tle, brave, and strong, Not to spill  
 3. Na-tion with na-tion, land with land, Un-armed shall  
 4. New arts shall bloom, of loft-ier mould, And might-ier  
 5. There shall be no more sin nor shame, And wrath and

world hath known shall rise, With flame of free-dom  
 hu-man blood, but dare All that may plant man's  
 live as com-rades free; In ev-'ry heart and  
 mu-sic thrill the skies; And ev-'ry life shall  
 wrong shall fet-tered lie; For man shall be at

in their souls And light of knowl-edge in their eyes.  
 lord-ship firm On earth and fire and sea and air.  
 brain shall throb The pulse of one fra-ter-ni-ty.  
 be a song, When all the earth is par-a-dise.  
 one with God In bonds of firm ne-ces-si-ty.

## OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

HAYDN.

Arr. for 1 or 4 Voices.

1. Oh, wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove! Oh, grate - ful - ly  
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the

sing His pow'r and His love! Our shield and de - fend - er, the  
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de -

An - cient of days, Pa vill - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.  
scends to the pl ins, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rains.

## IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

WARING.

DYKES.

Unison, or 4 Voices.

1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear; And  
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me No want shall turn me back; My

safe in such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.  
Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack.

# IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

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The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;  
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.

## VESPER HYMN.

BORTNIANSKI.

Unison, 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

1. { Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear; }  
Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear. }  
2. { Now, like moon-light waves re - treat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long; }  
Now, like an - gry sur - ges meet - ing, Breaks the min - gled tide of song. }

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

1. Far - ther now, now far - ther steal - ing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.  
2. Hark! a - gain, like waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long.



## LIFT THINE EYES.

(TRIO.)

MENDELSSOHN.

*Anacrisis con moto.* *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com-eth, whence to the

*sf* *p*

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth Thy help

com - eth from the Lord, The Ma - ker of heav - en and earth.

*cres.* from the Lord,..... *dim.* The Ma - - ker of heav - en and earth. *p*

*cres.* The Ma - - - ker *dim.* *p*

*cres.* He hath said, thy foot..... shall not be mov - ed. Thy keep - er will nev - er

He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed. *pp* Thy *pp*

alum - - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er alum - - - ber,

keep - er will nev - er *cres.* alum - - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er *cres.*

## LIFT THINE EYES.

nev - er slum - ber. *rit. e dim. pp* *a tempo.*

slum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes...  
 slum - ber, will nev - er slum - ber. *rit. e dim. pp* *a tempo.*

to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth  
 ..... to the moun - tains, whence.....

help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.  
 help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth

## KINGDOMS AND THRONES.

Gregorian.  
 Unison, or 4 Voices.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long, Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;  
 2. Pro-claim Him King, pro - nounce Him blest; He's your de-fence, your joy, your rest;

His wondrous names and pow'rs re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.  
 When ter - rors rise, and na - tions faint, God is the strength of ev - 'ry saint.

# NOW THANK WE ALL.

(CHORALE.)

J. CRUGER.  
Unison or 4 Voices.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voice, Who wondrous  
2. O may this bounteous God, Thro' all our life be near us, With ev - er

things hath done, In whom His world re - joice - es; Who from our moth - er's arms  
joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer us; And keep us in His grace,

Hath bless'd us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.  
And guide us when perplexed, And free us from all ills In this world and the next.

# TO GOD ON HIGH.

(CHORALE.)

MEDELSSOHN.  
Unison or 4 Voices.

To God on high be thanks and praise, Who deigns our bonds to

sev - er; His cares our droop - ing souls up - raise; And

## TO GOD ON HIGH.



harm shall reach us nev - er. On Him we rest with faith as - sured, Of

all that live the might - y Lord, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

## COME, MY SOUL, THOU MUST BE WAKING.

HAYDN.  
Unison or 4 Voices.



1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing! Now is break - ing, O'er the  
2. Pray that He may pros - per ev - er, Each en - deav - or When thine  
3. God's free gifts do thou a - buse not, Light se - fuse not, But His

earth an - oth - er day; Come to Him who made this  
aim is good and true; But that He may ev - er  
kind be - hests o - bey; Dwell with Him in peace, be

splen - dor, See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay  
thwart thee, And di - vert thee When thou e - vil would pur - sue.  
hold - ing Light en - fold - ing All things in un - cloud - ed day.

# THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

MEDELSSOHN.  
Arr. for Unison or 4 Voices.

*Slowly. mf*

But the Lord is mind-ful of His own, He re mem-bers His chil -

*rit.*

dren. But the Lord is mind - ful of His own, The

Lord re - mem - bers His chil - dren, re - mem - - bers His

The Lord

*p* *cres.* *fs*

chil - dren. Bow down be - fore Him, ye might - y,

*dim.* *pp* *p* *cres.* *fs*

For the Lord is near us! Bow down be - fors Him, ye might - y,

# THE LORD IS MINDFUL OF HIS OWN.

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For the Lord is near..... us! Yea, the Lord is mind-ful of His  
own; He re - mem - bers His chil - dren. Bow down be -  
fore Him, ye might - y, For the Lord..... is near..... us.

*f* *mf* *p* *pp*

## MORNING HYMN.

WATTS.

DYKES.  
Unison or 4 Voices.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris - ing day Sa - lutes Thy wak - ing eyes;  
2. Fath - er, let all my hours be Thine, While I en - joy the light;  
Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To Him that rules the skies.  
Then shall my sun in smiles de - cline, And bring a plea - sant night.

## LIFT THINE EYES.

(TRIO.)

MENDELSSOHN.

*Andante con moto.* *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes to the mountains, whence com-eth, whence to the

*p* Thy help

com - eth, whence com - eth help. Thy help com - eth, com - eth

Thy help

com - eth from the Lord, The Ma - ker of heav - en and earth.

*cres.* from the Lord,..... *dim.* The Ma - ker of heav - en and earth. *p*

*cres.* The Ma - ker *dim.* *p*

*cres.* He hath said, thy foot..... shall not be mov - ed. Thy keep - er will nev - er

He hath said, thy foot shall not be mov - ed. *pp* Thy *pp*

slum - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er slum - - ber,

keep - er will nev - er *cres.* slum - - ber, nev - er, will nev - er *cres.*

## LIFT THINE EYES.

nev - er alum - ber. *rit. e dim. pp* *a tempo.*

alum - ber. Lift thine eyes, O lift thine eyes...  
alum - ber, will nev - er alum - ber. *rit. e dim. pp* *a tempo.*

to the moun - tains, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth  
..... to the moun - tains, whence.....

help, whence com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - eth help.  
help, whence com - eth,

## KINGDOMS AND THRONES.

Gregorian.  
Unison, or 4 Voices.

1. Kingdoms and thrones to God be - long, Crown Him, ye na - tions, in your song;  
2. Pro-claim Him King, pro - nounce Him blest; He's your de-fence, your joy, your rest;

His wondrous names and pow'rs re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.  
When ter - rors rise, and na - tions faint, God is the strength of ev - 'ry saint.



## HOPE THOU IN GOD.

Words adapted from the Psalms.

(LARGO.)

HANDEL.

*Largo.*

VOICES IN UNISON, 1st time SOPRANO.  
*pp cres. f*

Hope..... thou in God. Hope thou in God, O put thy

trust in Him, He is our hope and strength, a pres-ent help, Hope thou in God.

He is our hope and strength, He is our hope and strength, a pres - ent .

The first system of the musical score features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "He is our hope and strength, He is our hope and strength, a pres - ent ."

help, Hope.... thou in God, Hope thou in God, Be strong and He shall es -

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "help, Hope.... thou in God, Hope thou in God, Be strong and He shall es -"

tab - lish your heart, that trust in the Lord,..... that trust in the Lord.

The third system concludes the main phrase of the song. It includes a fermata over a note in the vocal line. The lyrics are: "tab - lish your heart, that trust in the Lord,..... that trust in the Lord."

*Full Chorus repeat in Unison.*

The final system is a repeat of the chorus, marked "Full Chorus repeat in Unison." It features the same vocal melody and piano accompaniment as the first system.

## SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

J. RAFF.

Arr. for Unison or 2 Voices.

*p*

Sav - iour, breathe an  
Though the night be

ev'n - ing bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;  
dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and  
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watcheth where Thy (Omit.....)

# SAVIOUR, BREATHE AN EVENING BLESSING.

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*cres.* *dim.*

Though de-struc-tion walk a-round us, Tho' the ar-row near us fly,

*f*

An - - gel guards from Thee, sur-round us, We are safe if

*2d time.*

Thou art nigh. peo - ple be,..... Watch - est where Thy

peo - ple be.

# THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

KOSCHAT.

Arr. for 2, 3 or 4 Voices.

*Melody in Alto.*

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green  
 2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my  
 3. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun-ti-ful God! Still fol-low my



pas-tures, safe-fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the  
 Guard-ian, no e-vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-fend me, Thy  
 steps till I meet Thee a-bove; I seek, by the path which my



still wa-ters flow, Re-stores me when wand'-ring, re-deems when op-  
 press be my stay; No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er  
 fore-fath-ers trod Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of



pressed, Re-stores me when wand'-ring, re-deems when op-pressed.  
 near, No harm can be-fall, with my Com-fort-er near.  
 love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love.

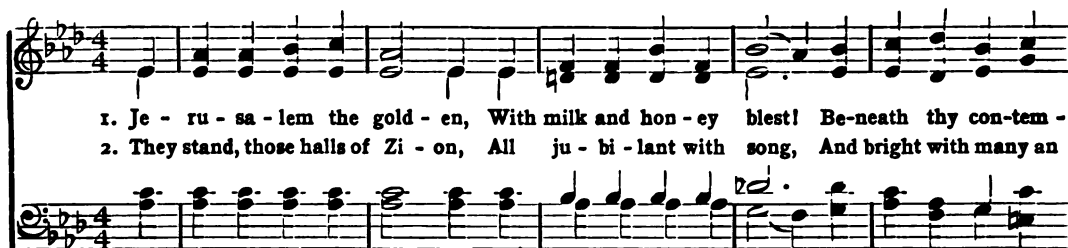
\* - men!



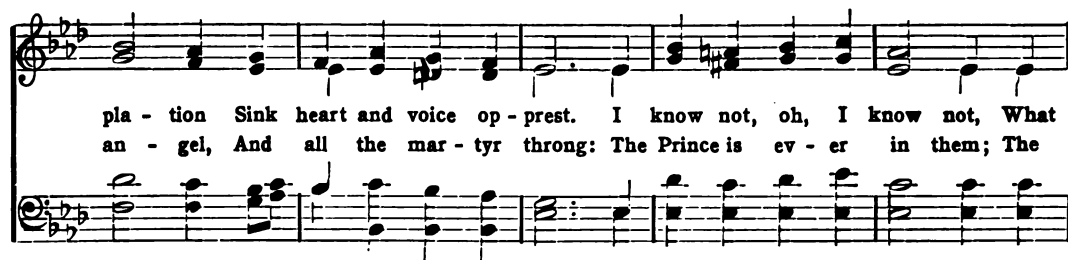
# JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

BERNARD of Cluny, 12th Century. Tr.

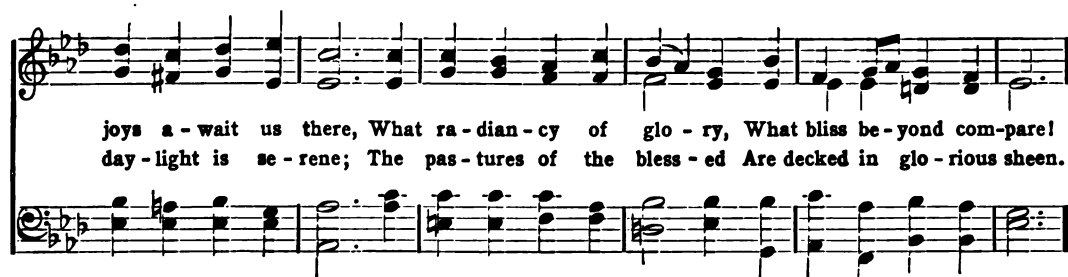
G. F. LE JEUNE.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem -  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an



pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. I know not, oh, I know not, What  
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng: The Prince is ev - er in them; The



joys a - wait us there, What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare!  
day - light is se - rene; The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.

## Refrain.



Je - ru - - - - sa - lem the gold - en!

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!



Be - neath

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.

*Org.*

# THE ASSEMBLY SONG BOOK

## HYMNAL SUPPLEMENT

### THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Rev. S. F. SMITH.

(WEBB.)

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The dark-ness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are  
 2. See hea-then na-tions bend-ing Be-fore the God we love, And thou-sand hearts as-  
 3. Blest riv-er of sal-va-tion, Pur-sue thy on-ward way; Flow thou to ev-ry

wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings  
 cend-ing In grat-i-tude a-bove; While sin-ners, now con-fess-ing, The  
 na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay: Stay not till all the low-ly Tri-

tid-ings from a-far Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.  
 gos-pel call o-bey, And seek the Sav-iour's bless-ing, A na-tion in a day.  
 umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the ho-ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

### COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

Rev. HENRY ALFORD.

(ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.)

G. J. ELVEY.

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of har-vest home: All is safe-ly  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield; Wheat and tares to  
 3. Ev-en so, Lord, quick-ly come To Thy fi-nal har-vest home; Gath-er Thou Thy

# COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE, COME.

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gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be - gin; God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our  
geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown: First the blade, and then the ear, Then the  
peo - ple in, Free from sor-row, free from sin; There for ev - er pu - ri - fied, In Thy

wants to be sup - plied: Come to God's own tem ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest home.  
full corn shall ap - pear: Lord of har - vest, grant that we Wholesome grain and pure may be.  
pres-ence to a - bide: Come, with all Thine an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har - vest home.

## FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

LOWELL MASON.

1. From Greenland's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - nv  
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Tho' ev - 'ry pros - pec -  
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high, - Can we, to men be -  
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of

foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand, From many an an - cient riv - er, From  
pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The  
night - ed The lamp of life de - ny? Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The  
glo - ry It spreads from pole to pole; Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The

many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.  
gifts of God are strewn; The hea - then in his blind - ness Bow down to wood and stone.  
ev - ful sound pro - claim, Till each re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.  
Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.



# WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED.

NAHUM TATE.

(CAROL.)

R. S. WILLIS.

1. While Shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground, The an - gel of the  
 2. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born of Da - vid's line, The Sav - iour, who is  
 3. Thus spake the ser - aph, and forth-with Ap - peared a shin - ing throng Of an - gels, prais - ing

Lord came down, And glo - ry shone a - round. "Fear not," said he, for might - y dread Had  
 Christ, the Lord; And this shall be the sign: The heav'nly Babe you there shall find To  
 God, and thus Ad-dressed their joy - ful song: "All glo - ry be to God on high, And

seized their troubled mind; "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring To you, and all man - kind.  
 hu - man view dis - played, All mean - ly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a man - ger laid."  
 to the earth be peace; Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men Be - gin, and nev - er cease."

# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

(MENDELSSOHN.)

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord; Come, De - sire of  
 3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! Joy - ful all ye na - tions, rise,  
 na - tions, come, Fix in us Thy hum - ble home. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;  
 sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings,

# HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

177

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel - ic host pro-claim Christ is born in  
Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty, Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em-  
Light and life to all He brings, Hail, the Son of Right-eous-ness! Hail, the heav'n-born

## Refrain.

Beth - le - hem.  
man - u - el. } Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King.  
Prince of Peace.

*Ped.*

# HOLY, HOLY, HOLY!

Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

(NICÆA.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the  
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! All the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their  
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of  
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!  
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim  
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly;  
praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

# WHEN THE LORD OF LOVE WAS HERE

Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE.

(ARMSTRONG.)

G. W. CHADWICK.

1. When the Lord of Love was here, Hap - py hearts to Him were dear,  
 2. Meek and low - ly were His ways; From His lov - ing grew His praise,  
 3. When He walked the fields, He drew From the flow'rs and birds and dew,

Though His heart was sad;..... Worn and lone - ly for our sake,  
 From His giv - ing, prayer;..... All the out - casts thronged to hear,  
 Par - a - bles of God;..... For with - in His heart of love

Yet He turned a - side to make All the wea - ry glad.....  
 All the sor - row - ful drew near To en - joy His care.....  
 All the soul of man did move, — God had His a - bode.....

# REJOICE, YE PURE IN HEART.

Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE.

(MARION.)

A. H. MESSITER.

1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Rejoice, give thanks and sing; Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high, —  
 2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maidens meek, Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song,  
 3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth, Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
 4. Then on, ye pure in heart, Re-joice, give thanks and sing; Your glorious banner wave on high,

## Refrain.

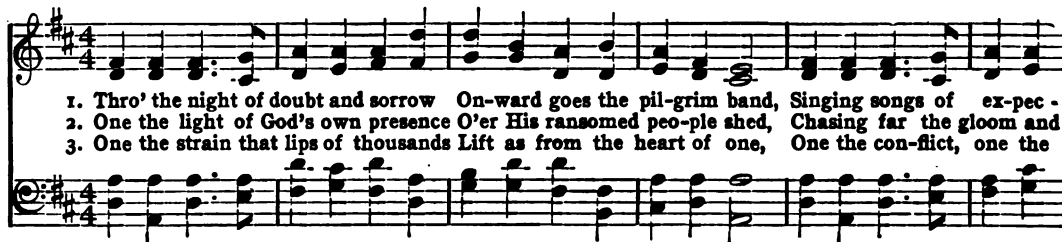
The cross of Christ, your King; } Re-joyce, re - joice, Re-joyce, give thanks and sing.  
 God's wondrous praises speak.  
 True rap - ture, noblest mirth! }  
 The cross of Christ, your King. } Re-joyce, Re-joyce,

# THRO' THE NIGHT OF DOUBT AND SORROW.

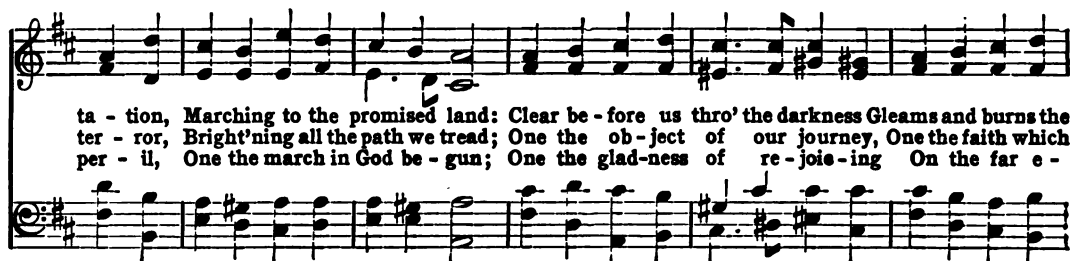
BERNHARDT S. INGEMANN.

(ST. ASAPH.)

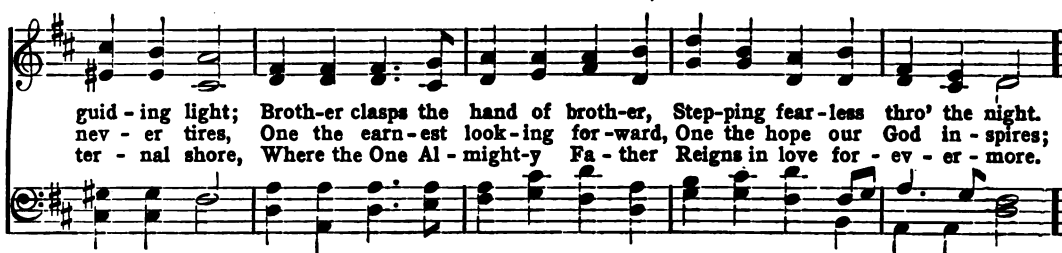
W. S. BAMBRIDGE.



1. Thro' the night of doubt and sorrow On-ward goes the pil-grim band, Singing songs of ex-pec -  
 2. One the light of God's own presence O'er His ransomed peo-ple shed, Chasing far the gloom and  
 3. One the strain that lips of thousands Lift as from the heart of one, One the con-flict, one the



ta - tion, Marching to the promised land: Clear be - fore us thro' the darkness Gleams and burns the  
 ter - ror, Bright'ning all the path we tread; One the ob - ject of our journey, One the faith which  
 per - il, One the march in God be - gun; One the glad-ness of re - joice-ing On the far e -



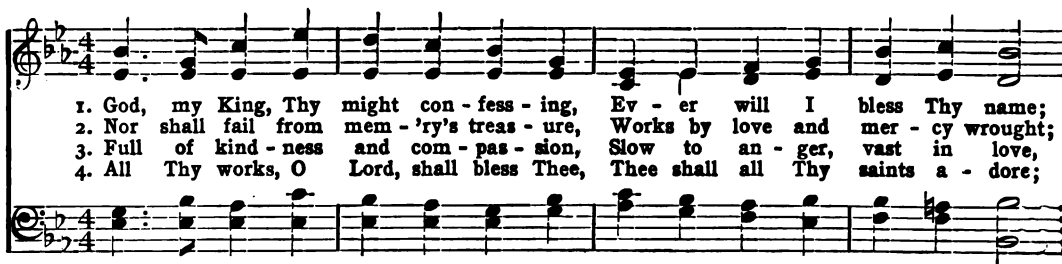
guid - ing light; Broth-er clasps the hand of broth-er, Step-ping fear-less thro' the night.  
 nev - er tires, One the earn-est look-ing for-ward, One the hope our God in - spires;  
 ter - nal shore, Where the One Al - might-y Fa - ther Reigns in love for - ev - er - more.

# GOD, MY KING, THY MIGHT CONFESSING.

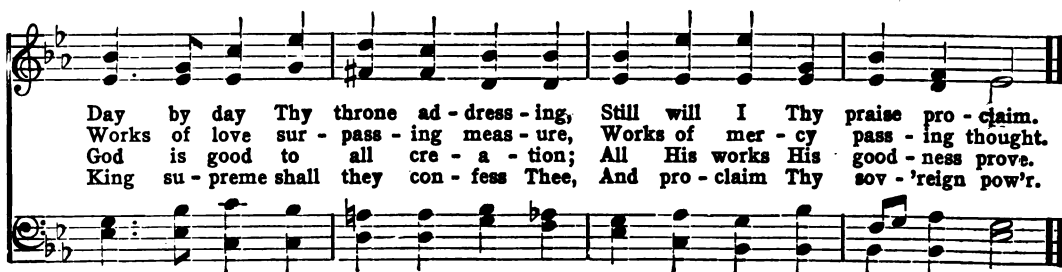
Bishop RICHARD MANT.

(ST. OSWALD.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. God, my King, Thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless Thy name;  
 2. Nor shall fail from mem - 'ry's treas - ure, Works by love and mer - cy wrought;  
 3. Full of kind - ness and com - pas - sion, Slow to an - ger, vast in love,  
 4. All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee, Thee shall all Thy saints a - dore;



Day by day Thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I Thy praise pro - claim.  
 Works of love sur - pass - ing meas - ure, Works of mer - cy pass - ing thought.  
 God is good to all cre - a - tion; All His works His good - ness prove.  
 King su - preme shall they con - fess Thee, And pro - claim Thy sov - 'reign pow'r.

## SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

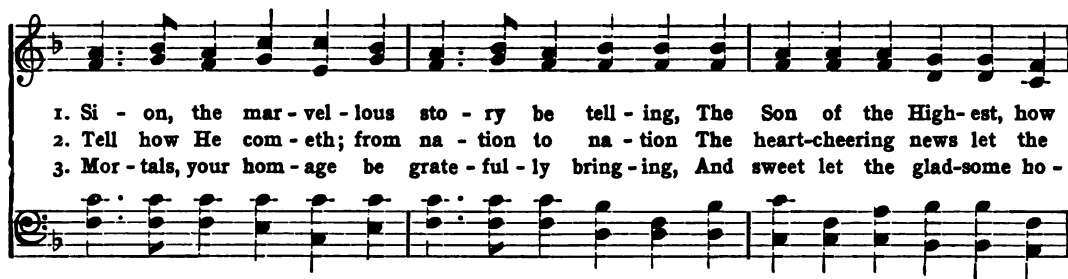
Rev. W. A. MUHLENBERG.

(AVISON.)

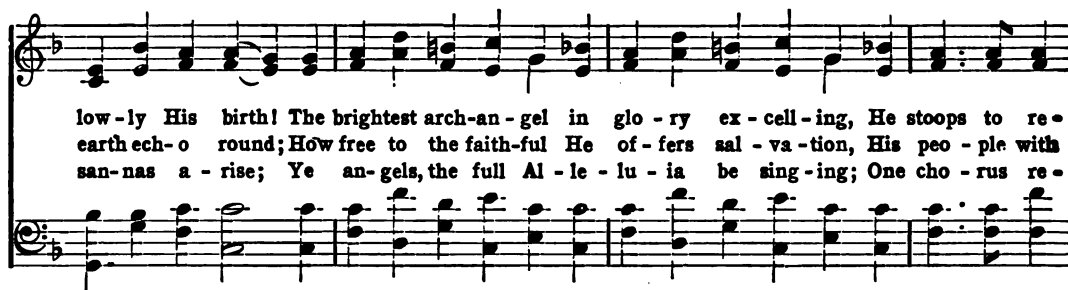
C. AVISON.

*1st Chorus.*

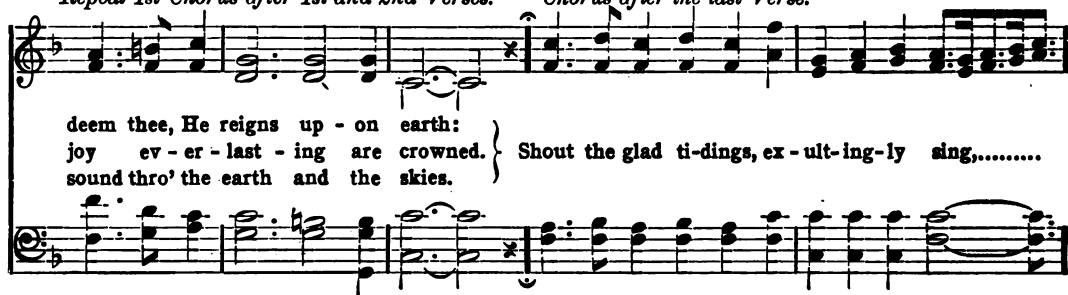

1. Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult-ing-ly sing,..... Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King!



1. Si - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the High-est, how  
2. Tell how He com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion The heart-cheering news let the  
3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the glad-some ho -



low-ly His birth! The brightest arch-an - gel in glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to re -  
earth-ech - o round; How free to the faith-ful He of - fers sal - va - tion, His peo - ple with  
san-nas a - rise; Ye an - gels, the full Al - le - lu - ia be sing - ing; One cho - rus re -

*Repeat 1st Chorus after 1st and 2nd Verses.**Chorus after the last Verse.*


deem thee, He reigns up - on earth:  
joy ev - er - last - ing are crowned. } Shout the glad ti-dings, ex - ult-ing-ly sing,.....  
sound thro' the earth and the skies.



Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si-ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

# A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD.

MARTIN LUTHER.

MARTIN LUTHER.

1. A might-y for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing; Our help-er He a -  
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,— Were not the right man  
 3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled Should threaten to un-do us, We will not fear, for  
 4. That word a - bove all earthly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a bid - eth; The Spir - it and the

mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing; For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us  
 on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is  
 God hath willed His truth to triumph through us: The prince of darkness grim—We trem-ble not for  
 gifts are ours, Thro' Him who with us sid - eth: Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al -

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cru-el hate, On earth is not His e - qual.  
 He! Lord Sa - ba - oth, His name, From age to age the same; And He must win the bat - tle.  
 him; His rage we can en - dure; For lo, his doom is sure; One lit-tle word shall fell him.  
 so; The bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still; His kingdom is for ev - er.

# WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKIES.

German. Tr. E. CASWALL.

(LAUDES DOMINI.)

J. BARNEY.

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak-ing cries May Je - sus Christ be praised:  
 2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

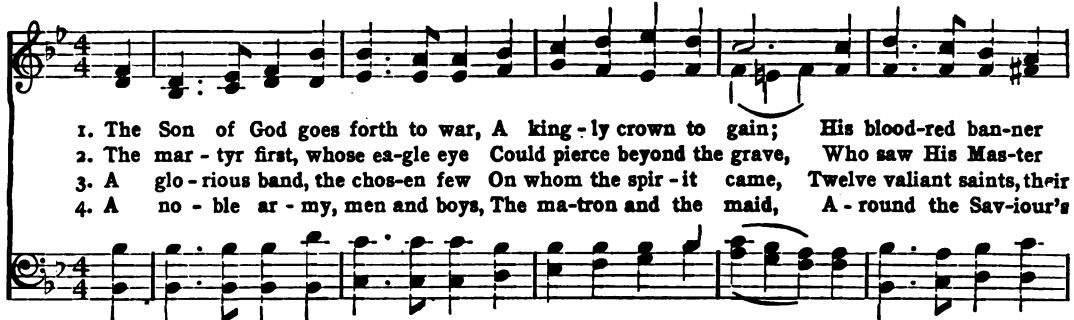
A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.  
 O hark to what it sings, As joy-ous-ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!  
 Or fades my earth-ly bliss? My com-fort still is this, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

# THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.

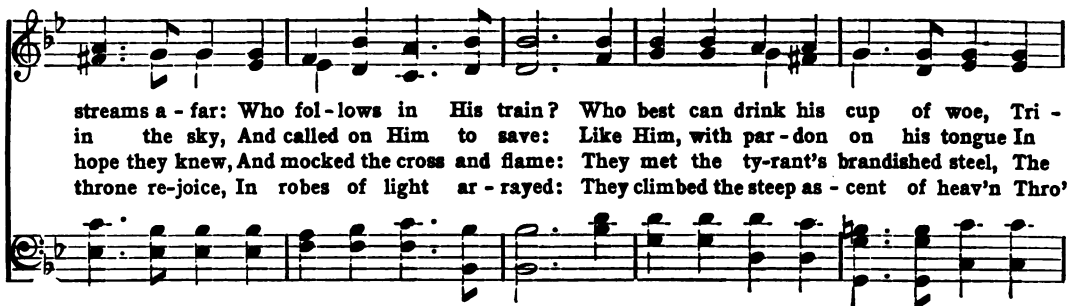
Bishop REGINALD HEBER.

(ALL SAINTS NEW.)

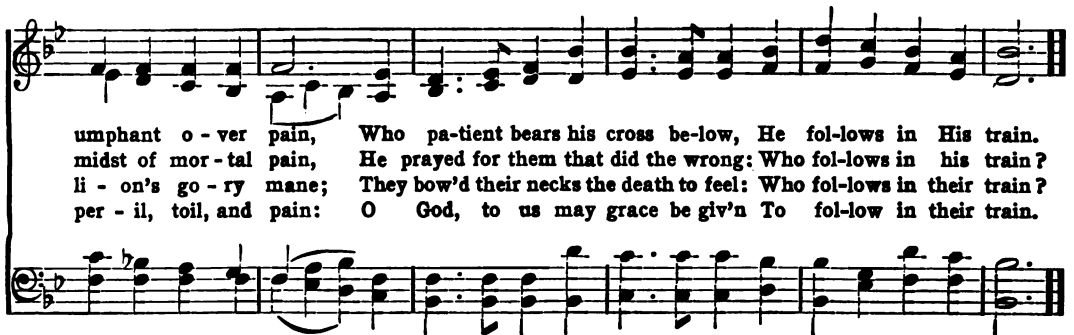
H. S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who saw His Mas-ter  
 3. A glo - rious band, the chos-en few On whom the spir - it came, Twelve valiant saints, their  
 4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A - round the Sav-iour's



streams a - far: Who fol-lows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri -  
 in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like Him, with par-don on his tongue In  
 hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The  
 throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed: They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro'



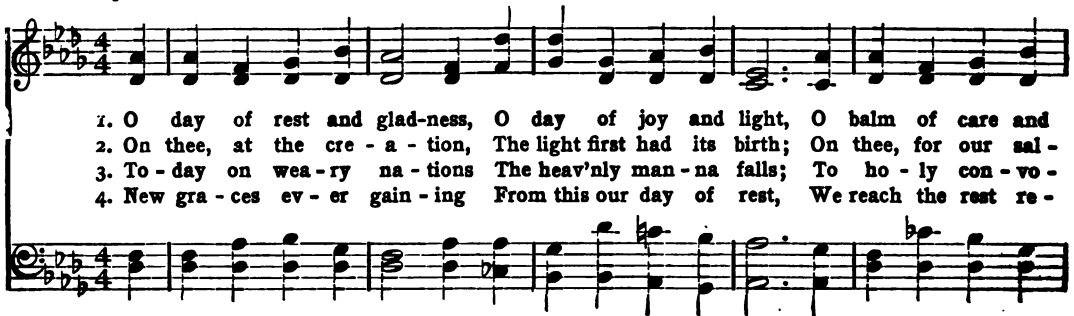
umphant o - ver pain, Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train.  
 midst of mor-tal pain, He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?  
 li - on's go - ry mane; They bow'd their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?  
 per - il, toil, and pain: O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

## O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

Bishop C. WORDSWORTH.

(LANCASHIRE.)

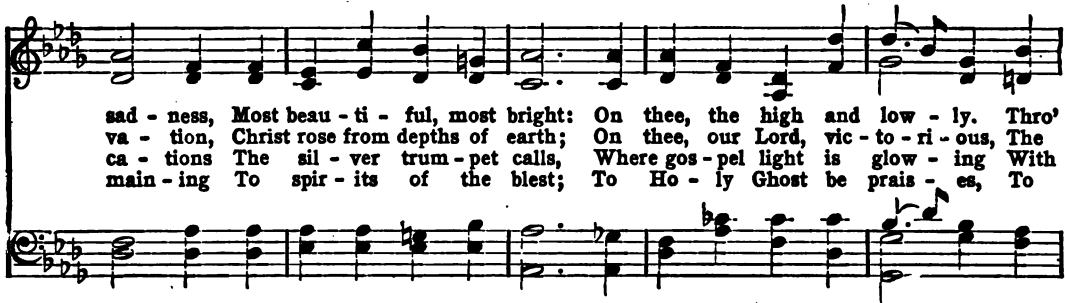
H. SMART.



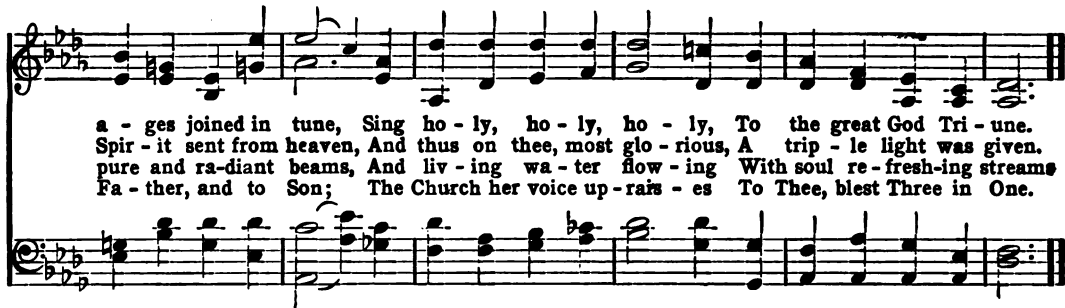
1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and  
 2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth; On thee, for our sal -  
 3. To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'nly man - na falls; To ho - ly con - vo -  
 4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, We reach the rest re -

# O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

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sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright: On thee, the high and low - ly. Thro'  
va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth; On thee, our Lord, vic - to - ri - ous, The  
ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With  
main - ing To spir - its of the blest; To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To



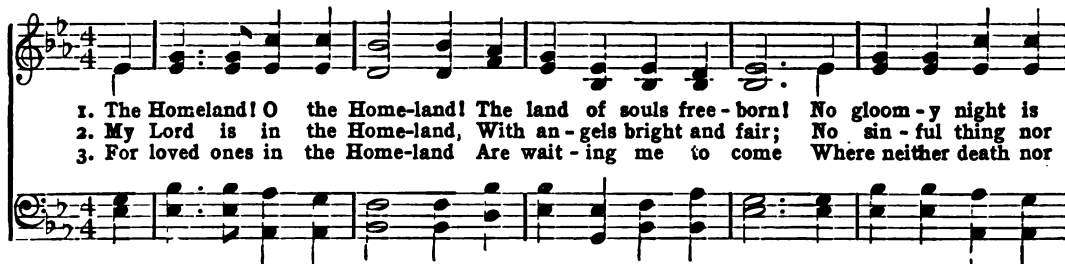
a - ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, To the great God Tri - une.  
Spir - it sent from heaven, And thus on thee, most glo - rious, A trip - le light was given.  
pure and ra - diant beams, And liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul re - fresh - ing streams  
Fa - ther, and to Son; The Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One.

# THE HOMELAND.

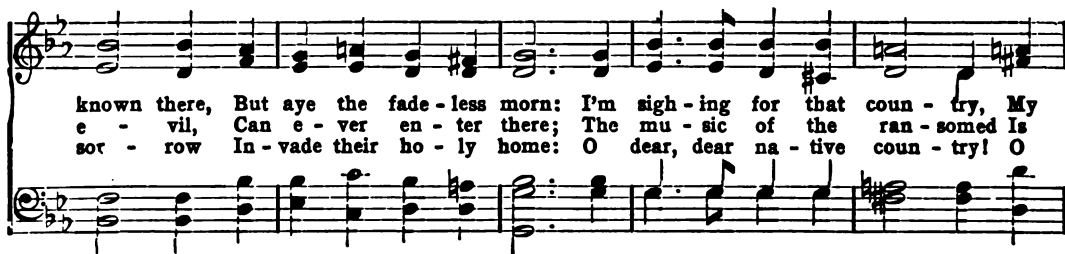
Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.

(THE HOMELAND.)

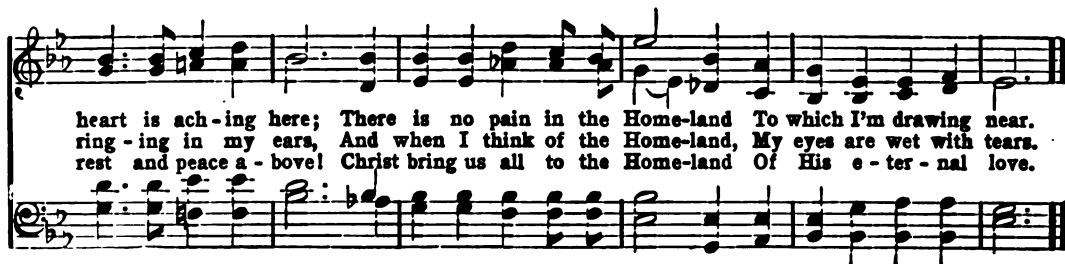
A. SULLIVAN.



1. The Homeland! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born! No gloom-y night is  
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an-gels bright and fair; No sin-ful thing nor  
3. For loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come Where neither death nor



known there, But aye the fade-less morn: I'm sigh-ing for that coun - try, My  
e - vil, Can e - ver en - ter there; The mu - sic of the ran - somed is  
sor - row In - vade their ho - ly home: O dear, dear na - tive coun - try! O



heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.  
ring - ing in my ears, And when I think of the Home-land, My eyes are wet with tears.  
rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of His e - ter - nal love.



# O MOTHER DEAR, JERUSALEM!

(MATERNA.)

(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)

S. A. WARD.

1. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee? When shall my sor - rows  
 2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con - tin - ual - ly are green, Where grow such sweet and  
 3. Those trees for ev - er - more bear fruit, And ev - er - more do spring, There ev - er - more the

have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O  
 pleas - ant flow'rs As no - where else are seen. Right thro' thy streets, with sil - ver sound, The  
 an - gels are, And ev - er - more do sing. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would

sweet and pleas - ant soil! In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.  
 liv - ing wa - ters flow, And on the banks, on ev - 'ry side, The trees of life do grow.  
 God I were in thee! Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

## WE PLOUGH THE FIELDS.

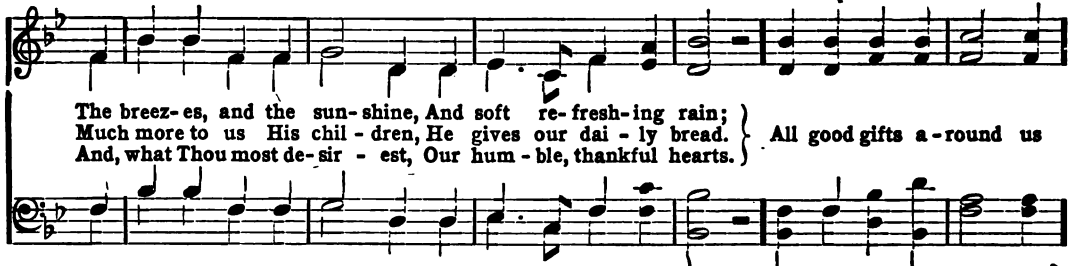
MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

J. A. P. SCHULZ.

1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered  
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far; He paints the way - side flow - er,  
 3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good; The seed - time and the har - vest,

By God's al - might - y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,  
 He lights the ev'n - ing star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed;  
 Our life, our health, our food; Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer For all Thy love im - parts,

## Refrain.



The breez-es, and the sun-shine, And soft re-fresh-ing rain;  
 Much more to us His chil-dren, He gives our dai-ly bread. } All good gifts a-round us  
 And, what Thou most de-sir-est, Our hum-ble, thankful hearts. }



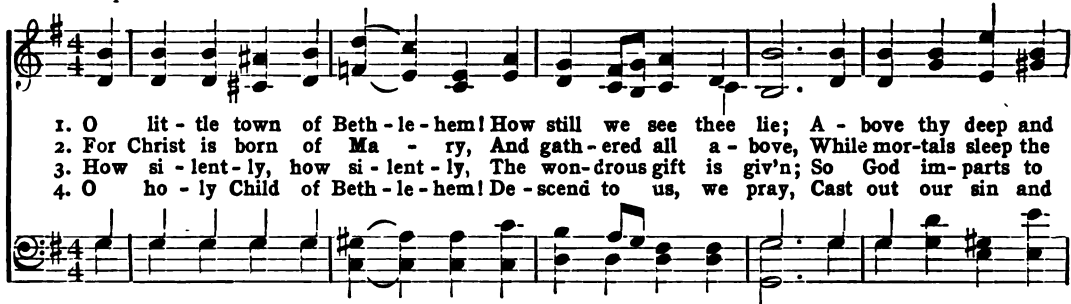
Are sent from Heav'n a-bove; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord For all His love.

## O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

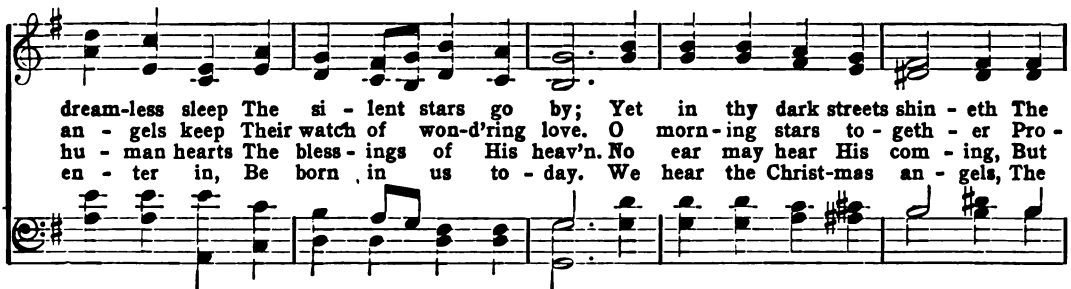
Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS.

(ST. LOUIS.)

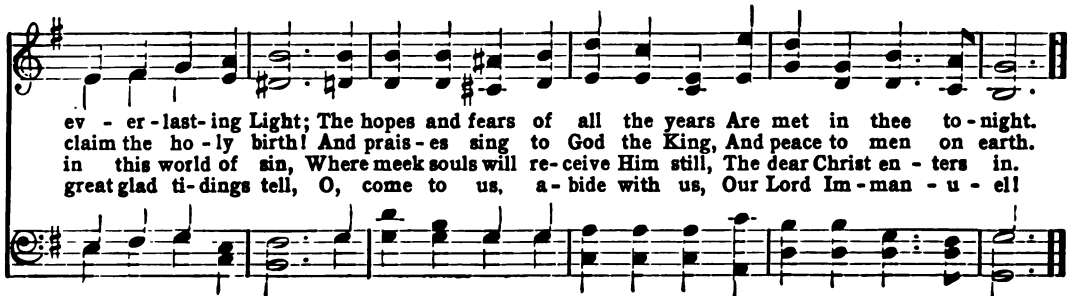
L. H. REDNER.



1. O lit-tle town of Beth-le-hem! How still we see thee lie; A-bove thy deep and  
 2. For Christ is born of Ma-ry, And gath-ered all a-bove, While mor-tals sleep the  
 3. How si-lent-ly, how si-lent-ly, The won-drous gift is giv'n; So God im-parts to  
 4. O ho-ly Child of Beth-le-hem! De-scend to us, we pray, Cast out our sin and



dream-less sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The  
 an-gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love. O morn-ing stars to-geth-er Pro-  
 hu-man hearts The bless-ings of His heav'n. No ear may hear His com-ing, But  
 en-ter in, Be born in us to-day. We hear the Christ-mas an-gels, The



ev-er-last-ing Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.  
 claim the ho-ly birth! And prais-es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.  
 in this world of sin, Where meek souls will re-ceive Him still, The dear Christ en-ters in.  
 great glad ti-dings tell, O, come to us, a-bide with us, Our Lord Im-man-u-ell

# HAIL THE DAY THAT SEES HIM RISE.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

(ASCENSION.)

W. H. MONK.



1. Hail the day that sees Him rise Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -  
 2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits: Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, e -  
 3. Him though high - est heav'n re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia! Still He loves the

bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n,  
 ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia! Wide un - fold the ra - diant scene;  
 earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia! Though re - turn - ing to His throne,

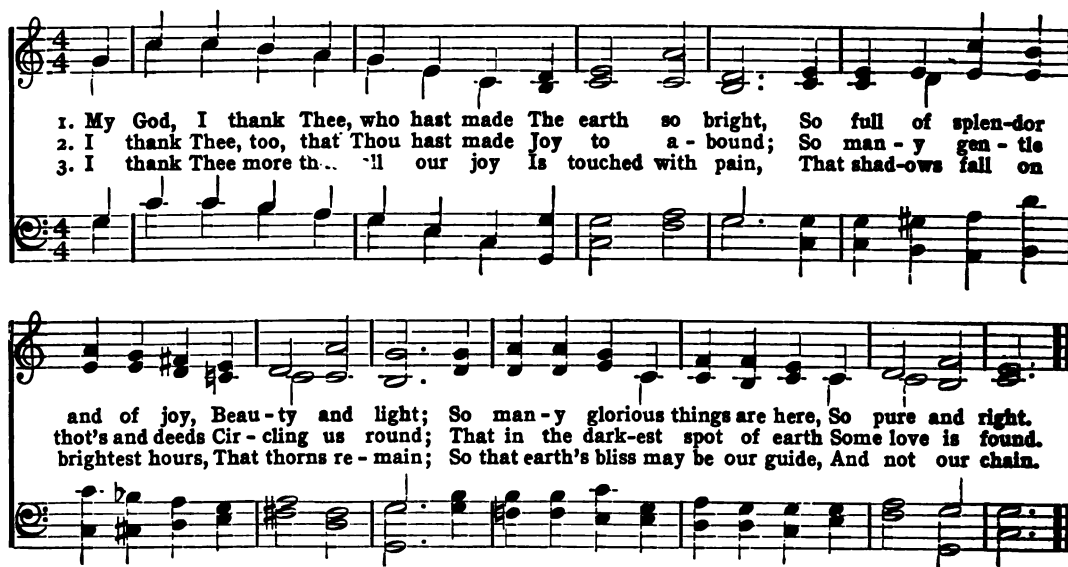
Al - le - lu - ia! Re - as - cends His na - tive heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Take the King of glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Still He calls man-kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!

# MY GOD, I THANK THEE.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

(WENTWORTH.)

F. C. MAKER.




1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splen-dor  
 2. I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made Joy to a - bound; So man - y gen - tle  
 3. I thank Thee more th... 'll our joy Is touched with pain, That shad-ows fall on

and of joy, Beau - ty and light; So man - y glorious things are here, So pure and right.  
 thot's and deeds Cir - cling us round; That in the dark - est spot of earth Some love is found.  
 brightest hours, That thorns re - main; So that earth's bliss may be our guide, And not our chain.


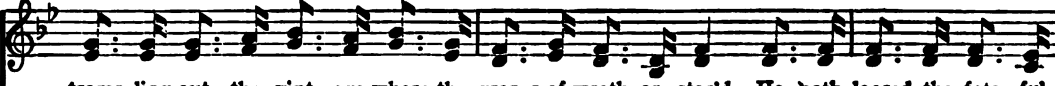
# BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

JULIA WARD HOWE.



Anon.




1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
 2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have  
 3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel, writ in bur-nished rows of steel; "As ye  
 4. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is  
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a


tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stor'd, He hath loosed the fate - ful  
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the ev'n - ing dews and damps, I have read His righteous  
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; "Let the he - ro born of  
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment-seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to  
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He died to make men



light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; \*His truth is march - ing on.  
 sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.  
 wom - an crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.  
 an - swer Him, — be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
 ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.




Refrain.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.



\* The last line of each verse becomes the last line of the Refrain.

# CHRISTIAN, DOST THOU SEE THEM?

ST. ANDREW of Crete, A. D. 700. (ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Chris-tian, dost thou see them      On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of  
 2. Chris-tian, dost thou feel them,      How they work with - in,      Striv - ing, tempt-ing,  
 3. Chris-tian, dost thou hear them,      How they speak thee fair? "Al - ways fast and

dark - ness      Com-pass thee a - round?      Chris-tian, up and smite them,  
 lur - ing,      Goad-ing in - to sin?      Chris-tian, nev - er trem - ble;  
 vig - il?      Al - ways watch and prayer?"      Chris-tian, an - swer bold - ly:

Count-ing gain but loss;      Smite them, by the mer - it      Of the ho - ly cross.  
 Nev - er be down - cast;      Gird thee for the bat - tle,      Watch and pray and fast.  
 "While I breathe I pray;"      Peace shall fol - low bat - tle,      Night shall end in day.

# THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(CREATION.)

F. J. HAYDN.

1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high,      With all the blue e - the - real sky,  
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail,      The moon takes up the won - drous tale,  
 3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all      Move round this dark, ter - res - trial ball;

And span - gled heav'ns a shin - ing frame,      Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.  
 And night - ly to the list - 'ning earth      Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;  
 What tho' no re - al voice nor sound      A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;

# THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH.

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Th' un-wea - ried sun from day to day, Does His Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play,  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn,  
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice;

*Ped.*

And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an Al - might - y hand.  
Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.  
For ev - er sing - ing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

# SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

Rev. JOHN ELLERTON.

(PAX DEL.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise, With one ac -  
2. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night, Turn Thou for  
3. Grant us Thy peace, through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord, our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee  
us its dark - ness in - - to light; From harm and dan - ger  
sor - row, and our stay..... in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall

ere our wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

# LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

(BEECHER.)

J. ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down; Fix in us Thy  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry trou - bled breast: Let us all in  
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less let us be; Let us see Thy

hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown: Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
 Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - is'd rest: Take a - way our love of sin - ning,  
 great sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly re - stor'd in Thee: Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry,

Pure, unbounded love Thou art: Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.  
 Al - pha and O - me - ga be, End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
 Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# DEAR LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND.

J. G. WHITTIER.

(WHITTIER.)

F. C. MAKER.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - 'rish ways! Re - clothe us in our  
 2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea, The gra - cious call - ing  
 3. With that deep hush sub - du - ing all Our words and works that drown The ten - der whis - per

right - ful mind; In pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - rence, praise.  
 of the Lord, Let us, like them, with - out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.  
 of Thy call, As noise - less let Thy bless - ing fall As fell Thy man - na down.

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